

Mind



Matter.

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OVER THERE.

BY W. R. WATSON.

Why should we dread the other shore?
Our dearest friends are gone before:
They tell us of their happy home,
And greet us kindly when we come.

There is a land surpassing fair,
Over there, just over there;
Where spirits bright in realms of light
Await our coming over there.

They come, and often by our side,
Like fairy forms they softly glide;
They visit us 'midst toil and strife,
To tell us of that higher life.

There is a land, etc.
If of their coming we take heed,
'Twill elevate each thought and deed;
'Twill make life nobler while we're here,
And fit us for a higher sphere.

There is a land, etc.
We see them now as in the past
As memories their mantles cast
O'er us, as ere they went above,
They dwell with us in peace and love.

There is a land, etc.
They visit us when life is drear;
They hover round our hearts to cheer;
They wait upon our parting breath
And hail us by the stream of Death.

There is a land, etc.
As toiling on through life we move,
Let us each moment here improve;
That we may with bright spirit share
The blessings waiting over there.

There is a land, etc.

SPIRIT MEDIUMS.

A Description of a Seance Under Their Direction and Control—A Lecture and Alleged Manifestations.

[From the Chicago Daily Telegraph, March 29.]

Attracted by an announcement that a meeting of Spiritualists would be held at No. 13 South Halsted street Sunday afternoon, a representative of the *Telegraph* attended out of curiosity to investigate the order known as the Modern Spiritualistic Society. After the opening exercises were concluded, Dr. Mathews, a well known clairvoyant and medium, addressed the meeting on "Harmony."

The doctor said that harmony was the great law of the universe. In all nature's works is a visible, a perfect harmony. In the war of the elements, in the raging of the storms whose fierce and restless fury sweeps everything before them there is harmony. Therefore how beautiful is it to find a perfect harmony between man and man, between husband and wife. The pleasures of home are tenfold more dear, the greetings of friends and loved ones sound sweeter to our ears, and the clasp of hands is more cordial and kindly when prompted by a spirit of harmony. We draw nearer to each other when harmony exists and fills our hearts with its benign influence.

For the purpose of extending such influence, continued the speaker, the association had established a place of regular meeting, where all would be welcome—believers and sceptics alike. The doctor dwelt at some length on the subject, after which an interesting treatise on Spiritualism was delivered by the same speaker.

Spiritualism, said the lecturer, has occasioned more unsatisfactory discussion and engendered more ill-feeling between mankind than any other subject that has claimed the attention of the public. The convert to our faith is afraid to avow his belief, from the fact that his admissions are always treated with contempt. The sceptic laughs to scorn the ideas advanced through a medium's influence. Suppose, they remark, spirits do return to earth, what benefit arises from such visits; wherein does the good result?

"The good," said the doctor in reply, "is beyond the power of the mind to realize. That spirits do return is demonstrated, and can be made manifest beyond the power of contradiction. If the loved ones who have been dear to our hearts, do not revisit this earth again after death, then there is no truth in the Scriptures. They come to us, they are ever with us; unseen but seeing, they mingle at our firesides and in the scenes where their loving presence made those scenes hallowed. What thought is more beautiful—what belief more replete with promise, than that which tells us and demonstrates that the dead revisit earth in spirit form and to the eyes of the believing reveal themselves? If you believe the Bible you are a Spiritualist, and yet were you to be denominated such you would cast back the assertion as an imputation false and unfounded. To-day there are spirit forces hovering within this room, and I will endeavor," said the medium, "to demonstrate their presence."

At this juncture a death-like silence fell upon the large assemblage present; every eye was turned upon the man who was to manifest the presence of his supernatural power. The medium's gaze wandered from face to face; presently his eyes remained fixed; extending his arm and pointing toward a lady sitting a short distance from the writer, he said:

"I see the form of a young girl hovering above that lady's head, it is indistinct; it is very indistinct; the hands are crossed upon the breast; I hear her whisper, 'I do not suffer much—not much now.' She is speaking—she is whispering the name of 'Helen.'"

When asked if she recognized the spirit, the lady addressed answered in the affirmative, and gave the particulars of her friend's death, which coincided with the description furnished by the doctor.

"There is still another," continued the medium, "the form of a man, tall and dark, standing behind those two gentlemen." The parties referred to were seated alone in the extreme end of the hall. "The spirit is circling above their heads, and I hear the word, 'Adolph.' One of the gentlemen recognized the spirit of his brother."

"Here," said the medium, designating a lady sitting near him, "hovers the spirit of a woman. The spirit is tall and slim, and has dark hair; she wishes to speak; she is beckoning to you, 'My sister, my beloved sister,' she is saying; she is clapping her hands and smiling, and now she is fading from my sight. Here are others; three spirit forms, one of whom has her arms about the necks of this lady and gentleman; she looks kindly upon them; now she bends and touches her lip to the forehead of the gentleman; she is fair, very fair, and has blue eyes. 'Husband,' I hear her say."

The gentleman recognized the spirit of his first wife. The presence of other spirit forms was indicated, and in every instance the medium's manifestations were acknowledged and approved.

Laura F. Holton, a mediumistic composer, addressed a few words to those assembled. She had never taken a lesson in music in her life, and yet she had composed over fifty instrumental pieces, two of which have been published.

Miss Rosa Trambly, a young girl of about 15 years of age, arose and in a few well chosen words addressed the auditors. In conclusion she said she wished to relate a circumstance of a peculiar nature which transpired not long ago at her home.

She had been left in charge of the house during the absence of her parents. Remembering an errand she had to perform, she carefully locked the doors and executed her mission, which occupied but a few minutes of her time. Entering the house on her return, she was surprised to find all the chairs in the different rooms lying on their backs with their legs touching the wall. A few days following, the same incident occurred. The third time of its occurrence she became convinced that it was the result of other than natural causes. She set to work to fathom the mystery and eventually became possessed of mediumistic powers. She is now able, through the influence of the spirit that controls her, to execute with a pencil, drawings as perfect as could result from years of practice.

The *Telegraph* reporter button-holed a new convert to the belief with the following result:

"I was a rank sceptic until a few months ago," said the gentleman, "and always ridiculed the ideas advanced by the Spiritualists. Circumstance threw me in the company of a medium while travelling from Chicago to New York. It happened this way:

"There was but one vacant seat in the passenger coach on which I was riding. A gentleman of clerical appearance got on the train at a way station, and requested permission to share the seat with me. I complied, as a matter of course. We rode for some time in silence. I was reading; he seemed to be meditating deeply. Suddenly, turning toward me, he said: 'My friend, pardon me, but I wish to forewarn you of news of a sad nature. Your mother is lying dangerously ill; you will never see her alive.' I was annoyed, yet impressed by the man's words and manner, but made no reply.

"In a short time I left the car and made my way to the smoking carriage. In the course of an hour I returned and found my strange acquaintance still an occupant of the seat I had vacated. 'You have come in time,' was his greeting remark, 'to receive your mother's last words. They were these: 'Tell George to care for Mary.'"

"I shall never forget the sensation I experienced," said the narrator, "when I fully comprehended the meaning of those words. On my arrival at New York I was met at the depot by a relative, who informed me of my mother's sudden death from hemorrhage of the lungs. Since that time I have been a convert to the faith. I have felt the presence of spirit forms often since that hour, and frequently when alone I hold communion with the dead."

Spiritualism may or may not be the thing it is represented to be. One fact, however, is certain. There is a mystery about the demonstrations exhibited that at least commands respect for the society the reporter visited yesterday.

Mediums' Home Fund.

We, the undersigned, subscribe or pledge the amounts set opposite our respective names, to found a national home to give relief and sustenance to worthy, needy mediums in the United States.

CASH.

Am't previously acknowledged in MIND AND MATTER	\$65 74
M. Wheelock, M. D. V. D. Louisville, Mo.	2 00
Mary J. Bradford, South Boston, Mass.	1 00
Catherine Standwood, " " "	1 00
Margaret McDonald, " " "	1 00
Susan A. Dorr, Amesbury, Mass.	1 00
J. W. Van Nance, M. D. Madison, Conn.	1 00
Total Paid.....	\$72 74

PLEGGED.

Pledges previously acknowledged in MIND AND MATTER..... \$246 00

Mr. Geo. Rall, Treasurer of the Mediums' Home Organization, will receive and acknowledge your contributions. Address, No. 482 West Liberty Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dr. J. Mathew Shea's Wonderful Mediumship.

CHICAGO, April 1, M. S. 34.

To the Editor of *Mind and Matter*:

Permit me, friend Roberts, (and I deem it eminently fitting at this time to do so) to again call attention through your valuable and widely circulated paper, to many, and some of them, new phases of mediumship possessed by Dr. J. Mathew Shea, of 87 West Madison street in this city.

I have personally attended most of the seances of this gifted medium during the past year, and positively know whereof I speak, when I state he is one of the grandest instruments in the hands of the spirit world, possessing as he does so many and such powerful dark circle manifestations unlike any or all others I have ever met in my fifteen years of experiences and investigations. This phase of manifestation is of but recent date, yet the independent voices of his controls and others are decidedly the most positive and real imaginable. On a number of occasions they bring with them birds of various kinds; canaries, birds of Paradise, and others that sing and fly round and round the circle—frequently lighting on the heads and hands of the sitters, the touch of their feet and feathers being very natural. His materializing seances are usually largely attended by both sceptics and friends—many times forty or fifty spirits appearing at the aperture during the evening, generally giving their names, and words of good cheer to their loved ones yet in the form. Frequently, when conditions are favorable, they walk out in our presence, and clasp hands with us and speak to us of their beautiful homes "over there," and bid us be of good cheer as our reward will be sure, and certain in the coming hereafter, for the fidelity and position we have taken—the scorn and contempt we have endured for the truths sake—for sustaining our spirit friends. We have been permitted too, to see and hear the song of the birds perched on either shoulder of the materialized forms, as they stood before us sufficiently long that all could plainly see their form and hear them sing. To me the doctor's Wednesday evening slate writing seances are decidedly the most satisfactory and conclusive evidence that spirits do return and manifest; for no less than thirty or forty messages are plainly written on the slate independent of the medium; usually addressed by some endearing word to the sitters, and always signed by the spirit from whom it purports to come.

In addition to the manifestations referred to, the doctor receives telegraph communications from the spirit world in the following manner: Just before closing the interesting services at 13 Halsted street, each Sunday afternoon, the doctor invites twenty or more sceptics from the audience, to form a circle at the table—also a circle joining hands and standing outside the sitters, and at once there commences a shower of raps—being a sort of spiritual telegraphing that he hears, understands and states the messages so given—whom they are from, as well as the name of the person they are for. Generally a number of these communications are given, and almost invariably they are given to entire strangers who may be in the hall, prompted by curiosity or otherwise to be present, and so great is the interest manifested by the audience, that death like stillness prevails during their delivery—lasting usually fifteen or twenty minutes. Other and more startling manifestations are promised by the guides of this medium.

(Geo. Mostow.)

Vindication of Dr. Dobson.

To the Readers of *Mind and Matter*:

I saw a communication in the *R.-P. Journal*, from a thing calling himself N. C. Bushnell, of Neponset, Illinois, styled by Bro. Bundy, Col. Bushnell, in which he charges Dr. A. B. Dobson, independent slate writing medium, as "an expert fraud not easily detected," and that he believes him to be one of the most dangerous men living." His communication fills one whole column of the *Religio*, and is made up of false charges and misrepresentations, which are apparent to any intelligent reader, in the charges of fraud, from the beginning to the end. Now Mr. Editor, if I did not believe you would reply to this ignoramus and bigot, I would send for a copy of that paper containing an account of the seances, held on the 16th and 17th of February last, at the request of this Bushnell and company, sixteen in all; and show this "Col." from his own communication, that he is either ignorant of what he assumes to understand, or under the control of some undeveloped fraud from the spirit side; so low that no arithmetical calculus can reach his brain. I have known Dr. A. B. Dobson for the last five years, (he is emphatically a magnetic healer,) during which time his phase of independent slate writing was developed. I have sat with him in my own office and house more than fifty times; and more than half that time in company with a professional man, of as well developed brain power as any man in Iowa; and I know Dr. Dobson to be an honest, sincere and good man, and one among the best physical mediums in this country. I have six children in spirit life, and all of them, have in the presence of Dr. Dobson, written communications to me in their own hand, when he was seated six feet from the table, while I held the slate on the palm of my right hand, and in some instances, I had not time to get the slate under the table leaf, and Dr. Dobson sitting about six feet from the table. My wife and many others have received communications, and the slate was never turned; and the insinuation that Dr. Dob-

son is an expert, and does the writing is simply a lie.

I have communications from daughter Anna, on the "electrical theory of vibrations," (purely scientific,) through his mediumship, which Dr. Dobson if he wanted to could not write, for he is illiterate, has no knowledge of the laws of science, and but an ordinary pensman, and not even a good orthographer—utterly incapable of palming himself off for more than he really is. But he is as sensitive as a child, and almost any invisible force can control him for physical demonstrations, and in that sense, I look on him as on a hand organ. He is simply the medium through which the angel world are trying to teach us that the spirit world is all around us, and that our loved ones are all about us when we do not know it.

I have in my possession, through Dr. Dobson's independent slate writing, many communications, and some fill two sides of foolscap. Many from my daughter, so finely written that no one present could with their natural sight tell anything about them. I brought in a magnifying glass, and with others examined the writing. It was Anna Huber's hand writing; it was perfect; all knew and acknowledged it, for they all knew Anna's hand writing. We all knew, no man could take a little slate pencil about the size of a grain of wheat, with or without a magnifying glass, and put that writing there.

My son Samuel, who died in 1871, was a splendid penman, is with Dobson all the time, and that finest and best writing on the slate is done by him; and no man in the form can write in the same time the same kind and character of writing. It is Samuel that does the drumming—he was a drummer-boy through the late war.

I am now 64 years old, and have never before written one word, pro or contra, on spirit demonstrations; have been a minister of the orthodox school 32 years; and as a teacher all my life of natural science, have always had the confidence and respect of all who know me. In the Spring of 1873 I commenced investigating, chemically, the impersonal principle of force, energy or life—call it spirit, electricity, or magnetism, or God, if that suits better—that fills all the realms of existence, and personates itself in harmony with the nature of the elements that compose every known substance in being; and have carefully examined the individualized forces controlling Dr. Dobson; and I feel it my duty to say to the readers of your great and good paper, that while this man Bushnell and his clique regard Dr. Dobson as a dangerous man, I only wish we had 10,000 like him, with men of intellectual stamina to stand by them and protect them. If we had, both worlds would be brought into fellowship with each other, and the New Jerusalem would descend from heaven as a bride adorned for her husband. It was the whitewashed hypocrites that killed Jesus; and it is the same kind of scribes, Pharisees, whitened sepulchers, filled with dead men's bones, wolves with sheepskins on, that are now trying to kill every medium; and they, combining with religious bigots, would destroy your paper; but we will work to make the world understand that mind, matter and space have no existence independent of each other. But in as much as I expect, as soon as my health will permit, to visit Chicago and Philadelphia, and give every one the privilege of interrogating me on any subject; I am yours truly,

J. J. HUNTER.

An Explanation.

No. 17 WILLOUGHBY STREET,
Brooklyn, N. Y., March 22, 1881.

Dear Sir:—On reading the issue of March 19th, of your truly valuable journal, my attention was attracted to the criticisms of one Coleman on a message purporting to come from E. V. Wilson through my instrumentality. The message does not appear to be understood. Mr. Wilson did not say that planets belonging to our system were to pass out of existence, nor did he make any allusion which could possibly lead to such a conclusion. A spirit now appears who was formerly known as a Dr. De Young, of Philadelphia, and who has on several occasions endeavored to make you aware of his presence, for the purpose of controlling you in the publication of your paper. He will answer Mr. Coleman, thus:

"This Coleman is not honest in his statements. He seeks to argue against his own convictions, for the purpose of destroying them, and would injure the faith of others, for no other reason than that he is not at heart in the cause of Spiritualism, but is convicted of its truth and rapid advance in the ranks of progression. He is deficient in those scholastic qualities necessary for the recognition of facts more and should he consult his syntax, and his own crude notions less, he would be better qualified to discuss a subject of whose principles he is totally ignorant. There are too many scribblers and too few soil-laborers for the benefit of man, and should this Coleman drop the pen and take up the pick, he would then fulfil a mission for which he was evidently calculated."

Now, my dear sir, for myself I have nothing to say, and leave the subject in your hands.

Very respectfully,

GEORGE COLE,

With Chas. R. Miller.

[We knew Dr. De Young very well as a fearless and faithful Spiritualist of this city. He passed to spirit life last summer after a long and successful career as a physician. He was our warm personal friend and stood at our side against the enemies of truth, as firmly as the granite rock. We see much in this communication that is like him, not only the ideas, but the manner in which they are expressed.—Ed. of M. and M.]

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM BOSTON.

BY B. B. HILL.

Boston, April 1st, 1881.
No. 8 Davis St.

Editor Mind and Matter:

Having attended the anniversary at Boston Music Hall, the writer was intending to leave Boston the next day, after calling on Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler, the materializing medium. On meeting Mr. Keeler, and others here who know him well and who have witnessed the manifestations through him, we were able to get at the facts of the infamous attack made by the *Globe* attaches upon him. After which we were prevailed upon by spirit friends to remain over and assist Mr. Keeler and his spirit band to regain their strength and conditions, to enable them to go on with their work. We found Mr. K. in a very negative state, and weak, as might be expected after the fearful shock which is always experienced by a medium, after a spirit form has been grabbed at a seance as was the case with Mr. Keeler. We found that the spirit enemies of Spiritualism were there in force, and had been at the seance where the ruffians from the *Globe* office, accompanied by two policemen in disguise, committed the outrage which has already been made known to the public through *MIND AND MATTER*. They grabbed the spirit form, which of course they could not retain, and hence were baffled. Enraged at their failure, they rushed into the cabinet, snapped the handcuffs upon Mr. Keeler's wrist, and dragged him out into the room, hurting him so badly that he was confined to his bed for several days. At the same time that the rush was made upon him in the cabinet, the spirit enemies embraced the opportunity to step between Mr. Keeler and his spirit band, thus destroying conditions between them for the time; which of course was the object of the assault. The outrage committed on Mr. Keeler in Boston, was similar to that perpetrated on Mr. James in Philadelphia, only if possible more cowardly and contemptible; and shows clearly how bitter and determined are the enemies of Spiritualism to use brute force to prevent that form of manifestation which will settle the question as to the truth of Spiritualism and its manifestations beyond question. Materialization is the great fact which will finally and surely overcome all opposition that may be hurled against it. The enemies of truth see this, and are making the most desperate efforts to prevent the manifestations, hoping thereby to stay the tide of truth and light now coming to the world, but it will come nevertheless. Therefore we will work and wait.

It was thought best on the evening of our visit to Mr. Keeler to hold a seance for the purpose of restoring the conditions between Mr. Keeler and his spirit band, destroyed by the assault.

Therefore, on the evening of April 1, a goodly number of friends were called together. Only a few moments elapsed after the medium was seated in the cabinet, before manifestations began to take place, and the seance was entirely successful, as a considerable number of spirit friends were able to present themselves in full form, coming out of the cabinet and being fully recognized; among them our daughter, who has materialized in the presence of several mediums in various places and with great success; and last summer at our home in Springfield through the mediumship of Mrs. Bliss of Philadelphia, she presented herself in materialized form many times, with remarkable strength and completeness. She comes always draped in white, and draped in the most exquisite lace with a peculiar spirit light, or star upon her forehead. We speak of these details not because there is anything more remarkable in them than other like manifestations, but for reasons that will be obvious in what follows. She also came to us at Mr. Keeler's seance, dressed in the same manner and with the same spirit lights about her head, as at her materialization in other places; and better than all, she came to us with words of cheer from the "home over there," as well as spoke to us of things of a personal nature, of which no other person except the writer could understand the meaning. This was much more than could have been expected under the circumstances.

Mrs. Ross, of Providence, R. I., the materializing medium, was one of our circle, and after Mr. Keeler's seance was over, she kindly consented to go into the cabinet for a short seance and with good results. Several full forms came out from the cabinet and were recognized by the friends present, our daughter also, presented herself the same as through Mr. Keeler's mediumship, in every detail. Both of the seances took place on the same evening in the same cabinet and under conditions which rendered fraud impossible. The spirit enemies could not prevent the success of the seances, therefore to vent their spite on the medium they pushed Mr. Keeler from his chair, while yet unconscious though without much injury. Mrs. Ross' spirit guide, "Bright Star," said it was "the preacher braves," as she called them (meaning the "priestly spirits" present) who pushed Mr. Keeler out of his chair, thus venting their spite on the medium, that being all they could do. However, these little incidents in the great struggle, indicate the purpose and intent of the enemy. By reason of the seance good conditions were restored, and the spirit enemies of truth were forced back from the position they had occupied. It seemed to us as though the crusade against mediums had been transferred from Philadelphia to Boston for a time, and from the efforts then being made by the enemies of mediums both spirit and mortal against Mr. Keeler, it is quite evident that they have discovered in him wonderful powers as a materializing medium, or they would not make such efforts to break him down. The seance as above briefly described was held at No. 8 Davis street, in rooms occupied by the writer, and the evidence there presented, was, as far as we are concerned, corroborative and proved in the most unmistakable manner to those present that Mr. Keeler is a remarkable mediumistic channel for full-form materialization, and hurls back the lie and misrepresentations of the ruffians who attempted to expose him, but only exposed themselves instead, as well as advertising Mr. Keeler largely, for all such attempts to keep back the truth only bring it out the brighter.

While in Boston investigating this matter, we were informed by responsible and reliable individuals that Mr. Colby, editor of the *Banner*, was interviewed in reference to the attack of the *Globe* attaches on Mr. Keeler. It appears that Mr. Colby had in a large degree accepted the *Globe's* false statements as to Mr. Keeler, and was going to follow suit, but was persuaded not to say anything in the *Banner* against Mr. Keeler until

he had heard the evidence from his side of the question. In the course of the interview, Mr. Colby was informed that Mr. Keeler was going to write to Mr. Roberts, editor of *MIND AND MATTER*, stating the facts connected with the so-called exposure. Mr. Colby's remarkable answer was this: "Tell Mr. Keeler to have nothing whatever to do with Roberts if he wishes to keep out of trouble." At least this is a very significant statement to come from Mr. Colby.

Surely, from present appearances, there is no place just now that needs a Jonathan Roberts to defend mediums more than this same Boston. Where is the editor of the *Banner* to-day as the reputed defender of mediums? Or does he wait as on occasions heretofore, until the mediums can defend themselves? Straws show which way the wind blows, and little facts even, are stubborn things. Among other things we are informed that Mr. Colby said that Mr. Keeler had not been developed as a medium for full form materializations. How did the veteran editor know this without the proper investigation? or has it come to this, that mediums cannot be defended by those whose right and duty it is to defend them if their minds happen to be prejudiced against such mediums? Yet this is evident by the condition of things in Boston so far as the *Banner* and its editor are concerned. The writer has been a subscriber to the *Banner* from the beginning of its life, and has watched its course carefully. Its many good works in the past have not been overlooked. We are its friend still and would still stand by it in every good word and work, and only regret to see it falter in the presence of its spirit and mortal foes. To falter at such a point is capture or destruction, or both. To press onward against the foes of truth is victory. Which shall it be?

MRS. JAS. A. BLISS IN KANSAS CITY.

[From the Kansas City Evening Star of March 29.]

A little excitement has been raised within the past few days among Kansas City Spiritualists and Liberals over the advent of the noted medium, Mrs. C. B. Bliss, who has attained great fame in the East by virtue of the wonderful manifestations which it is said she has called forth. An *Evening Star* reporter and a friend desirous of witnessing the ghostly performances, last evening visited the residence of Mr. Matt Clary, the well-known railroad man, who lives on Dripps street just south of Thirteenth, where Mrs. Bliss is a guest and where she has already given several seances which have aroused the believers to a frenzy of enthusiasm. The newspaper men were warmly welcomed at the door by Mr. Clary, who made known their errand to Mrs. Bliss. She at first was averse to holding a seance as she had held two during the previous day, and felt so exhausted that she feared she could do nothing, but finally decided to try and accommodate the visitors, about six of whom had gathered. After a short conversation Mr. Clary showed the visitors to an upper room, furnished in good style with an alcove in the northwest corner in which was

THE CABINET.

This was a pine box, neatly painted, about six feet long, three feet deep and six feet high, firmly and compactly joined, covered on top, with a door in front covered by swing curtains, and a small door or wicket about a foot square on each side. The newspaper men were invited to inspect the cabinet, which they did with critical eyes, and found everything secure. The room was lighted by an oil lamp placed in one corner, shaded by a funnel which darkened the room so that objects could be discerned pretty distinctly at a distance of ten feet. Mrs. Bliss was introduced, and seated herself on a chair preparatory to going into the cabinet. A reporter took

A PLACING PICTURE

of her as she was placing herself in proper position to enter the mysterious place. She is a woman of medium height, pale skin, dark hair and very stout build, amounting almost to obesity. She is of French extraction and speaks with a marked accent. [Mrs. B. is of Spanish descent on the mother's side and English on that of the father.—Ed.]

In a few minutes she began to act in a strange manner and arising, walked over to one of the *Evening Star* men into whose eyes she gazed for a moment with a vacant expression in her own. She repeated herself, but again repeated the strange action which was explained by those present as being the action of the spirit who had her under control at the time. She then entered the cabinet and Mr. Clary led off with a song, which was followed by another and another; nearly all being Sunday school melodies, such as "Angels are Hovering Near," until the manifestations began by knocks within the cabinet, when the tune was changed to the "Star Spangled Banner." The scene to the newspaper visitors was weird in the extreme. The singers singing in the half gloom with awe filled eyes directed to the mysterious and awful

ABODE OF THE SPIRITS.

was something never to be forgotten. With the first notes of the national anthem, a startling thing occurred which, it must be confessed, chilled the journalistic blood. The curtains were thrust aside, and in full view stood the manly form of a United States army officer in full uniform. He was announced as Captain Davis. The little audience at his request was called up and introduced, the captain saluting each in turn with a wave of the hand in military style. The audience, including the family, consisted of about a dozen people, and not a soul was more than five feet from the awful apparition which appeared again and again, and finally stood erect and manly in full view and joined the swelling song so heartily that his voice could be heard above the rest. Imagination could hardly conceive a more blood-curdling sight, and yet there was a reality about it all which quieted the nerves, which would otherwise have been entirely unstrung. At times it was like

A WILD NIGHTMARE.

The patriotic song rising from a dozen throats, with the ghastly visitor in glittering uniform standing in the door in full view, surrounded with all the mystery of that other world from which no traveler is supposed to return, made a scene only to be borne by nerves of the stoutest, well fortified by moral strength and immense will power. Language simply fails to describe it, and reason is impotent to explain. This spirit is Mrs. Bliss's great controlling spirit, and during the evening, his presence was constantly made manifest in some way.

THE SECOND MATERIALIZATION

was not less startling than the first. Mr. Clary stood on the west side of the cabinet and Mrs.

Clary on the east, when the curtains were suddenly parted and a tall, dark, handsome youth of slender build stood revealed. "Valentine! my son! my son!" cried Mrs. Clary, with a mother's tender voice. "G'd bless you, Valentine," said the father, "will you shake hands with us?" The embodied spirit extended his hand and shook the hands of his parents, both of whom were very much agitated. He then withdrew.

BILLY, THE BOOTBLACK.

A queer sound, like the growl of a dog, was then heard and in a moment afterwards a spirit known as "Billy, the Bootblack," came forth. He was a familiar spirit and came often during the evening. He purported to be the spirit of a famous Philadelphia bootblack, who had several eccentric phrases which marked him beyond mistake. He had a favorite expression of ker-r-r-rect, which he spoke through a tin horn. He was very bright and responded to questions with witty sallies, which caused much laughter. One of the *Evening Star* force asked him "Which is the best paper in Kansas City?" "They are all good," he responded. "You must be an editor." On being told that he had hit the bull's eye, he responded, "Oh, well, of course your paper is the best." Billy retired to give place to the

MOST STARTLING APPARITION

of the evening. It was no less a person than Lucille Western, the great actress, and the reporter, who knew her, must acknowledge, though reluctantly, that Lucille Western never looked more natural upon the stage than she did in the door of that cabinet. She was dressed in white, with a beautiful and becoming headdress of white, trimmed with pearls, her lovely arms just concealed by drapery and her beautiful face radiant as if she had just completed a grand triumph upon the stage. She requested some one to come forward and sing, "Then you'll remember me." The *Evening Star* reporter responded, and standing not three feet distant and face to face with the lovely apparition, sang the song in which she joined with a beautiful voice. Surely

SUCH A STRANGE DUET

was never sung before, and common sense would dictate silence in regard to it if it were not for the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Clary and half a dozen others are witnesses to it. As the song died away, the actress kissed her hand to the singer and with a graceful stage bow withdrew. In a minute, however, she again appeared and the strange duet was again sung. The reporter's nerves were a little shaken by the startling appearance, but the presence of so many who took the affair coolly calmed him.

THE FIFTH SPIRIT

was a bashful little French girl, who, after much persuasion, presented herself and talked quite freely. She spoke of flirting and asked for Mayor Chase, whom she had seen the evening before. She seemed quite attracted to Kansas City's Lord Chesterfield and spoke of him several times. She also appeared to be a familiar spirit, being able to materialize readily, and stayed in the cabinet with Capt. Davis and Billy during the entire evening. She was quite pretty.

A PRETTY LITTLE GIRL STRANGER

next appeared. The reporters were told that the evening before she had appeared to a gentleman in the audience and claimed him as her brother, but he refused to recognize her and roughly commanded her to materialize in the same size and age in which she had died. She appeared to be very much hurt at his rejection of her advances and refused to see him any more. Her appearance last night was very brief.

Next came a pretty little girl who appeared to be about fourteen years old. Mrs. Clary and her husband became very much agitated and greeted her with "God bless you, Jessie." It was their dead daughter. She was in full view, as indeed all the apparitions were, and not a foot from the excited parents. She extended a slender hand, remarkable for its beauty and small size, and showed Mr. and Mrs. Clary a ring of a peculiar pattern which they had given her a year or more ago in Philadelphia.

PERHAPS THE MOST SATISFACTORY

of all the materializations was that of "Aunt Liza," an old colored woman, who was dressed in the regulation kitchen costume. She came entirely out of the cabinet and danced briskly but airily to a negro melody raised by Mr. Clary. An old lady 89 years old, who was called "Grandma Harris," also appeared and talked very freely. "Silver Star," another apparition, with a glittering star upon her forehead, appeared but for an instant, and gave way to "Blue Flower," a Ute Indian squaw, who asked for the singing brave, in response to which a reporter went forward, and, by request, paralyzed her with "Scenes that are Brightest," from "Maritana." Fortunately she was an Indian, and complimented the singing, not knowing better.

BILLY THE BOOTBLACK

then made a final appearance, and in response to questions about the other world, said there was no punishment there except one's own conscience. He said his did not trouble him much, but the consciences of others did. One of the reporters asked him to hunt up a friend in the other world and report at next meeting, which Billy promised to do.

Several other spirits appeared, including a woman, who called for a gentleman in the audience, who came forward and failed to recognize her, and the seance closed by the appearance of a beautiful woman, who thrust the curtains aside and stood in such a pretty attitude of expectancy and welcome that the audience wished to see more of her, but she faded as the medium staggered out, completely exhausted, and sank in a chair. Mrs. Clary sprang to her assistance, but it was five minutes before she could be brought back to a realization of things mundane.

DURING THE SEANCE

the reporter was happily enabled to witness a very rare sight, the de-materialization of the spirits in full view. When Lucille Western disappeared the second time, she sank down through the floor as plainly as if she went through a trap melting into air as she sank. This was one of the most thrilling phases of this most wonderful performance.

The *Evening Star* does not pretend to account for these things or give its readers to believe that it supports Spiritualism. It does not pretend to explain all or any of the wonderful things done last night. It simply gives facts as seen by two of its staff and would not dare to do even this so wonderful are they, were not these facts amply supported by the evidence of at least ten other responsible people, all of whom are above reproach and thoroughly trustworthy.

Lime Water as a Cure for Smallpox.

To the Editor of Mind and Matter:

I have just been reading of the ravages of smallpox in various parts of the country, and, in sympathy with suffering humanity, feel called upon once more to make a public announcement of a reliable cure, which, if followed, will rid the earth of that foul disease.

Permit me, Mr. Editor, to give your readers the benefit of some of my hard-earned experience in hopes thereby to rivet this cure in their memory.

In the winter of 1861, while lecturing in Richmond, Ind., and making examinations in phrenology, Mr. Henderson was exposed to smallpox by examining the head of a person who had the disease six weeks before; and in two weeks he was taken with that disease at our residence in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Three of our children had been vaccinated—two had not. Another heir was expected soon—but our spirit friends were equal to the emergency. I was entranced, when a lady spirit friend came to us. She, through me, took a small piece of stone-lime, put it into a large water-pitcher, and poured over it water—nearly a gallon; and I heard the sucking of the lime. When slacked she stirred the mixture well. After the lime settled clear she reduced the strength a little and gave about a gill to Mr. H. to drink. She moistened a sponge in some of the fluid and bathed the surface of his body, when I awoke out of the trance. We obtained the lime and followed out the direction given.

Relief was almost instantaneous; the pain returning in about three hours, we repeated the remedy. In one week our infant was born. In two weeks the whole family had smallpox symptoms.

The children who had not been vaccinated, one a boy of seven years, took the remedy so faithfully, as often as the pain returned, that he was well in forty-eight hours, and had not a single pustule on his body. A girl still younger—more difficult to make take the remedy—had distinct smallpox, but played over her trundle-bed, went about every day, and was healed in two weeks.

Our infant had confluent smallpox, and although she was not entirely healed for four weeks, still she was not heart-sick, had a good appetite all the time, and we used nothing but lime water. The other children had varioloid, but were able to keep up and take care of themselves—for we could obtain no help without exposing ourselves to the authorities. We scattered lime as a disinfectant about the premises; and purified everything with lime when we were well, effectually controlling the disease.

We wrote to the government officials at Washington that our armies then in the field might have our discovery, but we received no recognition. Mr. Henderson went to the pest-house in Cincinnati and requested to be allowed to prove our remedy by treating one patient, but rec'd. a refusal, which is just as bad, ruled him out. Thus the world walks backward to the light, receiving only such as shines past their shadow. Still I have treated twenty-six cases successfully with this remedy.

In conclusion, let me add that a good swallow of lime water will prevent any one from taking the virus, if persisted in, night and morning, during epidemics; and may the Lord God give the world understanding—I cannot.

MRS. DR. HENDERSON,
Amory, Johnson Co., Kan.

Editor Mind and Matter:

How wonderful is this Spiritual movement! Years ago an abused medium told of the effort that would be made to sell out Spiritualism to the Church. But at the same time, and while those leaders would think they could easily Christianize the movement, he said that a more radical position than ever would be taken by a class of Spiritualists, and the contest would be more severe than anything that has divided Spiritualists. How true was the prediction. Just when those men in whom we had trusted, thought to Nazarene the whole of us, comes *MIND AND MATTER*, as a channel for the whole truth, through which we seem to be learning that there was and is no Nazarene at all. And on this line the battle is clearly to be fought—whether we are all Christians and have a "sake" of our own, or whether there was a Jesus so big as to absorb the "sake" of all humanity.

How perfectly ridiculous the idea, that the sages and philosophers and philanthropists who lived centuries before the alleged Jesus, are hid off in some obscure corner; and this Nazarene who, at best, lived but thirty-three years, and for about three years repeated some of the good sayings of his predecessors, is now, from his seat in the heavens, running this world, and when he gets the requisite conditions established with Miss Leys, is to come in person to set up his kingdom! Man-worship and nothing else. Spot those who assume goodness par excellence. It is self-righteousness every time. We have some sanctified persons here. They are of no use to the community. I tell these Christianizers they will fail. The moment we, as Spiritualists, accept the name, we take the history of the Christian Church, and that will damn any cause. If Spiritualism is not distinct from Christianity, it is nothing. Can't Dr. Peebles, et al., see this?

Go on, Bro. Roberts, I firmly believe you are the right man in the right place.

Very truly,
F. F. CURTIS,
Farmington, Ohio, March 14, 1881.

Special Notice from "Bliss' Chief's" Band

At Red Cloud, speak for Blackfoot, the great Medicine Man Chief from happy hunting-grounds. He says he loves white chiefs and squaws. He travels like the wind. He goes to circles. Him big chief, Blackfoot want much work to do. Him want to show him healing power. Make sick people well. Where paper go, Blackfoot go. Go quick. Send right away. No wampum for three moon.

This spirit message was first published in *MIND AND MATTER*, January 10th, M. S. 32, with the announcement that "Magnetized Paper" would be sent to all who were sick in body or mind, that desired to be healed, also, to those that desired to be developed as spiritual mediums, for three months for three 3-ct. stamps. The three months have now closed with the following result:

3,405 persons have sent for the paper by mail. 1,000 persons have received it at the office; and the hundreds of testimonials that have been received of its wonderful work in healing the sick and developing mediums, prove that Red Cloud and Blackfoot have faithfully kept their promises. That all may have an opportunity to test the merits of the paper, the price for the future will be as follows:—1 sheet, (postage paid), 10 cents, 12 sheets, \$1.00. Send a silver ten cent piece if you can. Address, James A. Bliss, 713 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BUNDYITE WISDOM.

The *R.-P. Journal* has nearly a column of editorial twaddle under the head line: "How Shall we make the Great Spiritual Movement Permanent and Valuable?" In answer to which it has said little that is worth saying. Perhaps that is just as well as the spirit friends demonstrated that long ago. All they have asked us to do is to help them to develop and sustain mediums, and to record and publish the facts that can alone make evident the knowledge they come to impart and the truths they seek to propagate. To show how the *Journal* would aid them, we cite the following specimen of Bundyite wisdom:

"Spiritualism," says the *Journal*, "was fitly called by the former proprietor of this journal, 'A Philosophy of Life.' So we must study magnetism, psychology, clairvoyance, psychometry—all that appertains to the inner life and wondrous powers of man. It is not wise to ignore or belittle these powers by blindly attributing to spirits all occult phenomena. We must give man here in his body, his due, and know how wonderfully he is made, how widely related. Not by thoughtless marvel seeking, but by wise and clear insight and reason shall we get the best gifts and experiences from the spirit world, the most inspiring messages from beyond, and grow in self-reverence and self-development at the same time."

Now with all due deference for the wonderful wisdom of this rival of Doctors Beard, Hammond and their fellow neurologists, who are, to a man, the opponents of the "Great Spiritual Movement," we think that there had better be no further growth of self-reverence. Self-reverence has played hob with the editor of the *Journal*, for he has devoted so much time to reverencing himself that he has revered nothing else. Self-reverence is only another term for self-righteousness, and self-righteousness is the worst failing a mortal can have. Indeed, when men or women become self-righteous their usefulness has ended. But we do not care to spend time upon the failings, great or small, of Col. Bundy; what we desire to do is to show that the Colonel is at his old work of trying to deprive spirits of the credit of producing spiritual phenomena.

Is it not very evident that Col. Bundy is not convinced that such phenomena are produced by spirits, when he takes his place beside Dr. Beard in trying to show that animal magnetism, psychometry, and all that appertains to the inner life and wondrous powers of man, are sufficient to account for what has been regarded as spiritual phenomena. If Col. Bundy was a Spiritualist, he would not thus seek to ignore the facts that show that spirits and nothing else produce what are called spiritual phenomena. Could Col. Bundy have said more plainly than he has done, that what have been supposed to be the exclusive result of spirit intelligence and power, is the result of the "inner life and wondrous powers of man," in the mortal state? Has he not plainly said that the "inner life and wondrous powers of man" have been ignored to establish the truths of Spiritualism? Can any one doubt that Col. Bundy questions the agency of spirits in the production of spiritual phenomena? We have always contended that the whole course of Col. Bundy showed him to be an opponent of Spiritualism and not a friend and advocate of it. Can there be any doubt upon that point any longer?

Spiritualists do not question the fact that every phenomenon occurring through the instrumentality of spiritual mediums, is the result of spirit intelligence and power, good or bad, exerted under the conditions presented. To question that one fundamental principle of Spiritualism, is to question the truth of Spiritualism, and he or she who does this is not a Spiritualist. We ask those who are honest Spiritualists to watch the course of the *Journal*, and see if we are not right when we say that it is devoted to saying all that it dare to say, to create doubt as to the truth of Spiritualism. Were it to come out and deny it squarely and openly, as good faith would dictate, it could do Spiritualism no harm, but it is too cunning to do anything so honest and proper, and therefore seeks to accomplish its destructive designs by going as far as it can to cast doubt upon it. This conduct is shameful, and all who countenance it, are not true and faithful Spiritualists.

What does Col. Bundy mean when he says: "It is not wise to ignore or belittle these powers," (the wondrous powers of man) "by blindly attributing to spirits all occult phenomena." Where is there a Spiritualist who has "ignored or belittled" the wondrous powers of man, or who has "blindly" attributed to spirits all occult phenomena? No Spiritualist would have made so groundless and irrelevant an insinuation. The editor who makes it a practice to indulge in such gratuitous innuendos to the prejudice of Spiritualists, is not a friend of Spiritualism.

We can almost forgive Col. Bundy for his perverse efforts to injure and belittle Spiritualism, in view of the fact that he has unwittingly recommended his readers to approve and support MIND AND MATTER. He says:

"Let our journals be fit to win respect by intelligent capacity, faithful kindness, critical care, and aim for truth at whatever cost, a religious devotedness, and ability to illustrate and search the inner life in the light of the spiritual philosophy. Then give them ample support."

As MIND AND MATTER is the only weekly spiritual paper in the United States, that has any reasonable claim to be considered as evincing "intellectual capacity, faithful kindness, critical care, an aim for truth at whatever cost, a religious devotedness, ability to illustrate and search the inner life in the light of the spiritual philosophy,"

we naturally conclude that Col. Bundy must have unwittingly been looking at MIND AND MATTER, not being able to perceive the *Journal* and *Banner*, which had, in their conscious littleness, shrunk so as not to be seen behind it. The *Journal* may be of some use to the cause after all; for if the Jesuit leading strings by which it is held and controlled, will not allow it to advocate the truth, it may serve to direct popular attention to a paper that not only dares to do that very proper thing, but is devoted to that work.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

"*La Tribune des Femmes*" is the title of a new journal just started in Paris, devoted to the discussion and vindication of women's rights.

MIND AND MATTER can be obtained every Friday morning and during the week, at 804 Spring Garden street, near the hall of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, at 505½ North Eighth street.

Dr. H. P. Fairchild will speak for the Spiritual Society in Worcester, Mass., the Sundays of April 10th and 17th. Would like to make other engagements. Address Dr. H. P. Fairfield, Box 275, Worcester, Mass.

Our well known and honored medium, Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, after a most successful and satisfactory visit at Boston and Haverhill, Mass., has returned to Philadelphia and resumed her sittings at her old residence, No. 2123 Brandywine street.

THOS. S. WILSON, of Wabash, Ind., invites some medium "with any demonstrative phase of mediumship," to visit that town to lead the people out of darkness. Says they will find his door-latch out and a free welcome to the best he can afford at his house.

Mrs. Dr. ABIE E. CUTTER celebrated the thirty-third anniversary of Modern Spiritualism by delivering a lecture at Metropolitan Hall, in Jacksonville, Florida, upon the subject: "Shall We Know Each Other There?" to an appreciative and interested audience.

READ our advertisement on the seventh page, where we offer Joseph Johns' Works of Art at the low rate of fifty cents each picture. You cannot find a more appropriate gift for a friend than these beautiful pictures and a copy of MIND AND MATTER for one year.

A CASE is mentioned, and going the rounds of the European papers, of a girl of thirteen years of age, in the hospital of St. John at Kederweisel, near Butzbach, Germany, who had remained in a state of lethargic trance during twenty-eight weeks; since which she has waked up and is steadily recovering her usual health.

We much regret to have been compelled to forego the publication of many of the favors of our friends that we had hoped and intended to get into our late issues. The occurrence of the anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, the attacks upon mediums, and other circumstances have impelled us to occupy more space with our own remarks in reference thereto.

THE QUARTERLY ADVANCE AND REVIEW is the title of a new periodical to be issued in the course of a few weeks, in the interest of Spiritualism and Spiritual Mediums, by our close neighbor and co-worker, Mr. James A. Bliss. Our space will not allow an extended notice in this issue of MIND AND MATTER, but a full prospectus of the contemplated new candidate for the favor of all friends of the cause and its exponents, will appear next week.

FEARFUL FOREBODINGS.—One Professor Grimmer (grin enough, we should think), is scaring the nervous people of England, and wherever his astrological or astronomical calculations and predictions are heard of, by foretelling the most fearful scourges of storms, tidal waves, earthquakes, tornados, wars, pestilence, and every conceivable disaster of which our poor devoted planet is to be the victim in consequence of, or associated with the occurrence of the perihelia of the planets Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, between 1880 and 1887.

The thirty-third anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated at Thompson Street Church, by the usual conference and circle in the afternoon—most of the members attended the services at Eighth and Spring Garden in the morning and evening. Mr. Marlor, the president, gave a very appropriate discourse on the duties of Spiritualists and what Spiritualism was doing for humanity. He was followed by others in short addresses, and the balance of the afternoon was occupied by spirits, giving evidence of a continued existence and some of their experiences in spirit life. The afternoon was well spent, and we hope, another year, the society will celebrate the whole day with appropriate services, and do so on the anniversary day; let it come what day it may.

Confirmation of Spirit Communication.

Referring to the message of Susan B. Ustic, published in MIND AND MATTER March 5th, we have received from H. B. Campbell, Register of Wills, of Bucks Co., Pa., in answer to enquiries, the following:—"Susan B. Ustic's will was proved November 9th, 1878. She was late of Upper Wakefield, this county. Letters were granted to Lucas H. and Frederick Taylor. Inventory filed November 20th. Settlement filed July 26th, 1880." There appears a disagreement in the middle letter of the name, but as that given by the Register is taken from the records, it must be correct, and the mistake, in that given through the medium.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

ALFRED JAMES, MEDIUM.

DEMETRIUS PHALERIUS.

FRIEND, I GREET YOU.—I am here to-day to bear testimony to the truth of a life beyond the grave, and to answer as best I can the question, "Where do spirits dwell?" Around this planet is an outgrowth or emanation of all natural substances, and the duplication of everything that ever had a material existence. In this spirit emanation we spirits live and have our being. In short, this planet spirit world is the refinement of all material substances, I desire to say this: Your world would never have been cursed with Christianity if the Alexandrian Library had not been destroyed, for that library contained the evidence that would have been fatal to Christianity. I helped learning and philosophy. I lived at a time when man had begun to free himself from the mythologies of the ages. In a word it was a world of thinkers, but through the connivance of priests there followed many years of intellectual darkness. Ecclesiasticism, in any form, is a foe to Liberalism. We must have the right to think for ourselves. As a spirit I have never been able to find a spirit that will not ultimately attain to as much intelligence as any other spirit. It is only a question of time as to when they will reach what might be termed, perfection—not absolute perfection, for that can never be reached. When I lived all the religions that I knew anything about were in their origin, as far as I could find out, all taken from the Sun; and if you must have worship, I think that is the most reasonable religion that you can adopt. There is no theory that has ever been started by modern scientists but what had its birth in the age when I lived, and if the library I have spoken of had not been destroyed, I would have been borne out fully in what I have here stated. I was acting as King of Egypt, about 807 B. C., when I lived here. And my name is Demetrius Phalerius.

[We take the following facts concerning Demetrius from Smith's Dictionary of the Bible.—Ed.]

"Demetrius Phalerus, the most distinguished among all the literary persons of this name. He was at once an orator, a statesman, a philosopher and a poet. His surname Phalerus is given him from his birth-place, the Attic demos of Phalerus, where he was born about B. C. 345. He was the son of Phanestratus, a man without rank or property, but, notwithstanding this, he rose to be highest honors at Athens through his great natural powers and his perseverance. He was educated, together with the poet Menander, in the School of Theophrastus. He began his public career about B. C. 325, at the time of the disputes respecting Harpocles, and soon acquired a great reputation by the talent he displayed in public speaking. He belonged to the party of Phocian; and as he acted completely in the spirit of that statesman, Cassander, after the death of Phocian in B. C. 317, placed Demetrius at the head of the administration of Athens. He filled this office for ten years in such a manner that the Athenians in their gratitude conferred upon him the most extraordinary distinctions, and no less than 300 statues were erected to him. But during the latter period of his administration he seems to have become intoxicated with his extraordinary good fortune, and he abandoned himself to every kind of dissipation. This conduct called forth a party of malcontents, whose exertions and intrigues were crowned in B. C. 307, on the approach of Demetrius Poliorcetes to Athens, when Demetrius Phalerus was obliged to take flight. His enemies even contrived to induce the people of Athens to pass sentence of death upon him, in consequence of which his friend Menander nearly fell a victim. All his statues except one were demolished. Demetrius first went to Thebes, and thence to the Court of Ptolemy Lagi at Alexandria, with whom he lived for many years on the best terms, and who is even said to have entrusted to him the revision of the laws of his kingdom. During his stay at Alexandria he devoted himself mainly to literary pursuits, ever cherishing the recollections of his own country. The successor of Ptolemy Lagi, however, was hostile towards Demetrius, probably for having advised his father to appoint another of his sons as his successor; and Demetrius was sent into exile to Upper Egypt, where he is said to have died of the bite of a snake. His death appears to have taken place soon after about the year B. C. 283."

[It will thus be seen that history does not record the fact that Demetrius was really the acting king of Egypt, as the communication alleges, but that he was authorized by Ptolemy Lagi to revise the laws of his kingdom. It is doubtless true that he was practically the ruler of Egypt as he states. The same author says of Demetrius: "His numerous writings, the greater part of which he probably composed during his residence in Egypt, embraced subjects of various kinds, and the list given of them by Diogenes Laertius shows that he was a man of the most extensive acquirements. These works, which were partly historical, partly poetical, partly philosophical, and partly practical, have all perished." It was the spirit of this learned man who was thoroughly conversant with the stores of knowledge, even at that early day, in the Alexandrian Library, who declares that had not the contents of that library been destroyed, the world would never have been cursed with Christianity, as the latter was but a modification of the worship of the Sun that was universally observed at that time throughout the known world. We regard this as most valuable testimony.—Ed.]

HORATIUS, (A Roman Orator.)

MY BEST GREETING TO YOU.—In this mortal life I was an orator, but the subjects I treated of were always related to the superstition of the age in which I lived. At times, when the voice of living inspiration flowed upon me, I was superior to the superstition of my day. At other times, when myself, I pondered to the ignorance of the priests in order to obtain popularity. Rome in my day was in a terrible chaotic state both religiously and politically, and the honors won gained to-day were lost to-morrow. All the religion we had at that time, was the worship of demi-gods—men who once lived in mortal form and had done something for their country. In short the worship of

Rome in my day was a worship of the spirits of just and good men. We were Spiritualists without knowing it. As a spirit I believe that my most effective discourses were given by me under spirit control; and I think I may positively say that all the ancients who succeeded in inscribing their names on the tablets of fame, were inspired by spirits. But, although the kinds of worship that prevailed in my day were not exactly what they ought to have been, with the knowledge that then existed, it was far better than the religions that came after my time. All the benefits that humanity have received were thought out and existed in the spirit world before they were poured out upon this planet. Before I go I wish to say that there is no religion that was ever taught by man, that is absolutely true or absolutely false. They all contain something of the kernel of truth, but it would have been far better for mankind had none of them ever existed at all. All you want is open communion with the spirit world, through mediums, to enlighten you as to deity, morality and the worship at the fountain of living truth. When here I saw what I have stated only divinely, and only in moments of inspiration. I did not come here to-day to trouble myself about defunct religions and now dying superstitions. They are doomed by the fiat of truth which has gone forth, and the days of the priests and their temples will soon have ended. The time will soon come when there will be no worship, but within the temple that covers the body and spirit of man. I lived before the Christian era, in the year 50. My name was Horenus. I was the teacher of Marcus Tullius Cicero.

[The only reference we can find to Horenus is the following which we translate from the Nouvelle Biographie Generale:

"Caius Horenus, a tribune of the people of Rome in 59 B. C. He aided P. Clodius, with all his forces, to pass into a plebeian house. This friend of Clodius may perhaps be only the Caius Horenus, otherwise unknown, to whom Cicero dedicated his treatise on rhetoric, entitled 'Rhetoricum Horenianum.'"

[We can find no mention in the biography of Cicero that any person named Horenus was his master; but from the fact that Cicero dedicated a treatise on rhetoric, he must have held Horenus in especial esteem as a rhetorician. It was the spirit of this comparatively unhistorical spirit that returned to say that he was a medium and that the so-called mythological religion of Rome, at the beginning of the Christian era, was Spiritualism. There is every reason to believe that such was the case.—Ed.]

ROBERT ABBOTT, D. D.

(Bishop of Salisbury, Eng.)

GOOD AFTERNOON.—The only thing I have to regret, as a spirit, is the time I wasted in preaching Christianity. I was ever trying to reconcile the Christian religion to my reason, but reason ever declared an absolute divorce from it. Many times when preaching up this salvation by blood my conscience checked me. This thought would always flit across my mind: "What benefit is blood to a God of love?" I went to the spirit life carrying this thought with me; and I have found that the word love has been of greater advantage to me than all the dying gods that were ever heard of or preached about. I would say to all Christian priests and clergymen, harken to the voice of reason and build up a church that teaches love; that banishes blood as an atonement, for I tell those men that their "offence is rank and smells to high heaven." It is nice—it is flattering to their vanity to realize what a power they may wield as a bishop or other high church functionary; but back of that lies a hell of remorse where your soul is shaken by the shrieks of those whom you have damned by your false theology. If I succeed in making even one, think regarding what I have said, I am fully repaid for coming here. My name when here was Robert Abbott, bishop of Salisbury, about 1617.

[We take the following concerning Robert Abbott from McClintock and Strong's Ecclesiastical Cyclopedia.—Ed.]

"Robert Abbott, D. D., bishop of Salisbury, was born at Guilford, in Surrey, in 1560, took the degrees of M. A. in 1582, and that of D. D. in 1597. He won the good opinion of James I. by a work in confutation of Bellarmine and Suarez, in defence of the royal authority, and was soon after made master of Balliol College, and Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford. As Vice-Chancellor of the University, he favored the Calvinistic theology, and opposed Laud to the utmost. In 1615 he was appointed by his brother (then Archbishop of Canterbury) to the bishopric of Salisbury, which, however, he enjoyed but a short time, and died on the 2d of March, 1617.

[Here we have another Christian prelate coming back to warn the Christian priesthood and clergy of the fearful reckoning that they are heaping up for themselves by teaching a false theology. How many more must return to repeat that warning before their words will be heeded.—Ed.]

JOSEPH CHAMBERS.

(Founder of Chambersburg, Pa.)

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR.—I was an old man and a rough one, and a man needed to be rough in those days, if he wanted to make any headway. Between Indians and wild turnouts of one kind and another, you had to keep your eye open. I cannot claim to have been a saint in a religious way. I kept my eye open more to get along here, and I succeeded before I died, in getting pretty comfortably fixed. My main purpose in coming back as a spirit is, to show that I am alive and "right side up with care." I have learned this in spirit life, that all the heaven you will ever get is what you have carried over with you. I advise everybody to try and make it a heaven here. If they will do this they certainly will sooner reach happiness as spirits when they die. My name was Joseph Chambers. I was the founder of Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania. I pegged out in 1788.

Col. Fox went to Ottumwa this morning. Mrs. Fox will leave on Friday next and fill a lecture engagement there. It is probable they will reside there for some time. We wish them the best of fortune and good health wherever they may go.—*Daily Headlight, Moberly, Mo., April 4.*

We will here give a brief specimen of the performance of "Livy," to show what kind of pal- lum these "Humpty Dumpty" spirit perform-

are feeding Bro. Miller and the readers of his *Circular* with. The first three paragraphs are as follows:

"I am Livy the Roman historian. I do not appear among you to speak of myself, but to prepare the minds of the people of this country for a discourse on the perils which menace republican institutions, by that most eminent of all republicans, [Not excepting George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, we suppose.—Ed.] Scipio Africanus.

"For the information of your friends, through whom I now speak, [Reader, can you understand that "Livyism"? We cannot.—Ed.] I would say Scipio was neither an African slave, nor a gladiator, but a Roman warrior, statesman and scholar, of the highest order. [What a precious pack of fools "Livy" must have regarded those he was addressing.—Ed.]

"His name was Publius Cornelius Scipio, a scion of a celebrated family at Rome, who attained to the highest honors in the Republic. He was also a branch of the Cornelian family, also celebrated in history. The name Scipio is derived from a stick, and was applied to his family by reason of one of his ancestors having led a blind father, by that means through the streets of Rome."

Such were the three first paragraphs of a column and a half of similar worse than childish nonsense delivered in the presence, we are told, of Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan, Mr. N. Hazlem. Mr. A. J. Spooner, Mr. Purdy and Mr. C. R. Miller. Of this laughably absurd and manifestly burlesque personation of the Roman historian, Mr. Miller says:

"The Livy address was delivered, precisely as indicated, by Claudius, that it would be, and there were a number of scholars and linguists present, who pronounced the address as 'possessing high literary merit marking its identification with the characteristics and style of the great Roman historian.'"

Goodness gracious! what will be the next freak of these fantastic spirit owners and controllers of the *Psychometric Circular*? Is it not enough to make high heaven weep at such consummate spirit impudence and mortal credulity. What between the Drallahas and Shianatas and King Belshazzars, and Claudius Appiuses, and Livys, and Pompeys and Scipios, the *Psychometric Circular*, has become the perfect organ of priestly Jesuit spirits, who, by their absurd and manifest lies are seeking to render useless the publication of that paper, or if that is not accomplished, to destroy it.

Not even the spirit of Carrie Miller, the dearly beloved and cherished spirit daughter of Mr. Miller, is permitted to speak in person through the *Circular*, the communications which purport to come from her being manifestly those of another or of others. Mr. Miller, we tell you your daughter is being personated by untruthful spirits in order the more effectually to hold and deceive you. Try the spirits. Keep trying them. Insist upon your right to judge of their performance without reference to the source from which they purport to come. Carrie Miller is a bright, intelligent spirit, as we know, and would not ask her father to publish in her name such useless and often such incorrect matters as are put into her mouth. We advise the spirits whose conduct we have exposed, to escape if they can, the confusion that their detection will bring upon them.

We will wait to hear from "Scipio Africanus" when we will have something further to say about the doings of these "powerful controls."

AN ISSUE UNAVOIDABLE.

We have hoped that we would have been spared the necessity of assuming a position of antagonism to Charles R. Miller and his publication the *Psychometric Circular*, but the influences that are behind him are determined that it shall not be so. It is no pleasant thing to have to speak harshly or unkindly of one we would so much like to honor and respect; but duty and not desire is the order of the day to us. We cannot overlook the prominence which he gives in his last issue of the *Circular*, to the slanderous misrepresentations of Mrs. Cora A. Syme, in relation to herself and Mr. Alfred James. Under the pretence that she was competent to explain the phenomena of spirit materialization, Mrs. Syme has joined Mr. Miller, Wm. R. Tice and Col. John C. Bundy, in seeking to destroy the usefulness of Mr. James as a medium, and herself as the editor of a spiritual journal.

As a specimen of the amount of untruth that can be crowded into the smallest space, we quote Mrs. Syme and the *Circular* as follows:

"I believe there have been some fine seances given this winter, but not many, and those quite private, that is by invitation and not advertised. I have not been able to attend them owing to ill health, which confined me to the house, so that I am obliged to speak from hearsay. The men here (in Philadelphia,) appear to have been wasting their time, in wrangling and quarrelling over mere straws of no consequence whatever, whilst they neglected one of the highest interests of mankind, that of introducing into the earth sphere those ministering spirits, who are destined to become teachers and saviours of the world."

Had Mrs. Syme stated what was the truth, she would have informed the readers of the *Circular*, that Mr. and Mrs. Bliss continued throughout the whole winter to give public materializing seances three times a week, at which the manifestations were more remarkable than ever before. These seances were advertised and largely attended. We have heard of none of the "wrangling and quarrelling," of which Mrs. Syme speaks, nor can we conceive what she means by "straws" as the subject of such "wrangling and quarrelling." We infer that they were yellow straws or seemed so to Mrs. Syme, for it is very apparent that her ill health is the result of jaundice. But when Mrs. Syme talks about it being the duty of men "to introduce into the earth sphere those ministering

spirits, who are destined to become the teachers and saviours of the world," it is very manifest that Mrs. Syme knows as little about the duty of men, as she does about what has been going on in Philadelphia the past winter. What a pity it is, if some people will write, that they cannot manifest a little common sense. What have men to do with the coming or introduction of "ministering spirits" etc.? Ministering spirits will do the bringing and introducing of themselves, or we do not understand the facts of the case. It is not any friend of Spiritualism who would assume or undertake so preposterous a work as to "introduce spirits" who can alone introduce themselves; but of such is Mrs. Syme.

Mrs. Syme then says:

"The dark and evil spirits of both worlds, do not hate and fear the lectures, with their flourish of oratory and philosophy, as they do the ocular demonstrations of materialization, since, the one will not seriously damage their church citadel, while the other will shake its foundations like an earthquake. Consequently they oppose the unanswerable demonstrations, with all their might, while the polished and nearly harmless lectures, they permit to go on without much interruption from them. From this cause our poor friend James has not held any materializing seances this winter; but, on the contrary, has been deeply involved in the useless, unseemly quarrel about certain garments the spirits wore, which has for months been going on between the gentlemen, Messrs. Roberts and Tice and a lady, a certain Mrs. Pratt. All of them, I believe, under the direct leadership and control of dark church spirits, on the other side of life as well as this. Consequently his usefulness as a demonstrating medium has been entirely destroyed, while his happiness, prosperity and ambition have been kept down to the lowest ebb; for he has not only been excessively harassed in mind, but has been almost entirely without a home, and from exceeding depression of mind, body, health and pecuniary means he has, I am sorry to say, fallen a prey to conditions, which others are far more responsible for than himself."

It is to this malicious and slanderous falsehood that Charles R. Miller not only lends his paper, but approves and commends as follows:

"Mrs. Cora A. Syme, of Philadelphia, again places the *Circular's* readers under obligations to her for a most important communication, which will be found in another column."

We have the allegation again repeated that we are guided and controlled by "dark church" spirits, by and through a pretended spiritual journal. This has been the oft-repeated allegation of the *R.-P. Journal*, and recently of the *Banner of Light*, but we have so clearly shown that both those papers are guided and controlled by spirits who are steeped to the eyes in deceit, falsehood and enmity to Spiritualism, that neither the editors of those papers nor the spirit guides and leaders of them, have dared to attempt to answer us. They are all as dumb, under the blaze of light that we have thrown upon their dark, untruthful and selfish conduct, as the detected and captured thief when taken in his criminal act. Silence under those circumstances is the only alternative, although equivalent to an open confession of the crime. We will now proceed to show just as conclusively that Mrs. Syme and Charles R. Miller are in the position they allege we are in—guided and led by "dark church spirits." Having done this, those enemies of Spiritualism will have to find some new channel through which to seek to oppose and injure myself and paper. It will soon become apparent even to the most careless observer, that when we are assailed, misrepresented and opposed, those who engage in that business, either as spirits or mortals, are the enemies of Spiritualism. If we show that this attack upon Mr. James and myself is malicious and false it cannot be pretended that it was influenced by good or truthful spirits; and it must be regarded as the work of the enemies of truth and fair dealing.

The first untruthful statement to which we call the reader's attention is, that the opposition of inimical spirits had "caused Mr. James not to hold any materializing seances this winter." There is not a particle of truth in that statement. Mr. James had not given any materializing seances for a year past because of the excessive exhaustion to which it subjected him, and because the spirit friends of truth reserved his mediumistic powers for a grander and more important purpose. No one who reads the remarkable communications that are being given through him weekly, can question the fact that Mr. James is being used by spirits for the illustration of the possibilities of Spiritualism, as the revealer of truth, as few, if any mediums ever were before, but Mrs. Syme and Mr. Miller, are entirely oblivious to that fact. Why are they so oblivious if not under spirit influences who are using them to belittle the great work that is being done through him? In no other way can their strange conduct be accounted for. Both of them have been personally most friendly towards Mr. James, if not towards myself, and, if themselves, would not act so irrationally.

Again, Mrs. Syme and Mr. Miller join in seeking to misrepresent the issue involved in the "quarrel" as they regard it, between Wm. R. Tice and myself. In the first place we have no quarrel with Wm. R. Tice or any one else. We are too busy in battling for truth against its enemies, to think of quarrelling with any one. In fact we have grown out of all desire to attain personal ends. But to assert that we are quarrelling with Mr. Tice about "certain garments the spirits wore" is too absurd to notice. We defended Mr. James against the false and wicked attempt of Mr. Tice to injure him, and did it in such a manner as to silence his slanderer; and for this we

have been sued by Wm. R. Tice and put to heavy expense with the intention on his part of preventing the publication of *MIND AND MATTER*, the only journal that has fought the scoundrelism that has been practiced upon unoffending and defenceless mediums. If Mrs. Syme and Charles R. Miller desire to stand with Mr. Tice against Mr. James and myself, we shall be perfectly satisfied, that being their business and not ours; but for decency's sake let them not speak of Mr. James as "our poor friend." There is not the least occasion for any such hypocrisy. Either Mr. James is a dishonest man and medium or Wm. R. Tice is a dishonest man. That is an incidental question in the issue joined between the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and myself, an issue that has been forced upon us and not sought by us. It is one that we are prepared to meet and settle, to the confusion of the assailants of mediums. The real issue involved in that suit at law is, whether spiritual mediums have a right to a public defence against their lying and slandering accusers. We have no fear of the result, let it be what it may. We have done our duty heretofore and we will do it to the end without fear, favor or affection for any one. Mrs. Syme no doubt truthfully says: "All of them (Mr. Tice, Mrs. Pratt and myself) I believe" are "under the control of dark church spirits on the other side of life as well as this. That only shows that Mrs. Syme is silly enough to believe anything of a person, she is utterly incapable of understanding or truthfully representing. That Mr. Tice and Mrs. Pratt who have done all they could to injure Mr. James, who but for our self would have been shut up in a loathsome prison, should have been influenced by inimical spirits in their malevolent conduct, we can well understand, for to-day there is not a more dangerous opponent to them on earth than Alfred James; but that we who have stood by him through good and evil report and beat back his assailants should be under the same influence is preposterous. We presume Mrs. Syme understands what she is talking about when she says that Mr. Tice and Mrs. Pratt "are under the direct leadership and control of dark church spirits, on the other side of life as well as this. Mrs. Syme was present when Mr. Tice and Mrs. Pratt perpetrated that infernal outrage for which Mr. James vainly sought redress, and from that time has been on terms of the closest friendship with those joint assailants of Mr. James and his mother. Mrs. Syme therefore has good reason to believe, as we know, that her friends are under the lead and control of dark church spirits. Who those spirits are in spirit life is evident; but who are the dark church spirits on "this side" of life who control and lead Mr. Tice and Mrs. Pratt? That is what we have a right to know. We know that Jesuit spirits on the other side do all they can to lead and control them; who then but Jesuits in the form of actually lead and control them? We rather think the garrulous tongue (we beg her pardon, pen, we should have said), of Mrs. Syme let out more than was intended by the influences that are behind her. Mrs. Syme is a medium herself. We have had our suspicion that Mr. Tice and Mrs. Pratt were Jesuit tools in this affair, but we did not look for Mrs. Syme, their intimate friend, to give us so much reason to believe it.

It is certainly most untrue that Mr. James' usefulness as a demonstrating medium has been entirely destroyed by myself or anybody else. Never has he been able to be so useful as a demonstrating medium as he is to-day, and this fact is known by every one who reads *MIND AND MATTER*. It is equally false that Mr. James has fallen a prey to any conditions, and had Mrs. Syme one particle of control of her senses, she would never have made so unjust and unfounded a statement. It is to be hoped that if the *Psychometric Circular* is to become the channel of such unwarranted aspersions against grand mediums like Mr. James, it will go down with the cause in which it is used to that end, and that right speedily.

We think it must by this time be very evident that Mrs. Syme and Mr. Miller are being used in the same work and by the same mundane and supermundane influences that have led and controlled Wm. R. Tice and Mrs. Dr. Mary Pratt, in their fruitless attempts to injure and destroy Mr. James. Having placed them where they belong, they will do little harm hereafter, and there we will leave them.

As some excuse for not advocating Spiritualism any more than is unavoidable the editor of the *R.-P. Journal* has gotten to publishing Wm. Denton's dreams. More than five columns of the last number of that paper are taken up with an unclouded dream, the remainder of which is to be given in the next number. Well, better be engaged in that way than in slandering mediums and the true and faithful friends of Spiritualism—even if it is an entire waste of time, printers' ink and paper. Dreaming and telling dreams is a harmless way of passing time as compared with the business of slandering people. We have not read this dream and do not intend to, as it would be as useless as to read Mr. Denton's moonshine publication of *Sideros*. But the funniest thing of all is that the author of this dream is foolish enough to suppose that some person might think it worth publishing, to prevent which he has copyrighted it. Old Mother Shipton has a good deal to answer for in setting so wild an example as she did. The result will be that every old granny in pantaloons will go to dreaming in order not to be outdone by the one in petticoats. What next, pray? Why not give us a rest?

DR. A. B. DOBSON'S REPLY TO HIS ACCUSERS. BUSWELL AND BUNDY NOWHERE.

MAQUOKETA, Iowa, March 28, 1880.

BROTHER ROBERTS:—I will state the reason why I have not before defended myself against the attack upon me of Buswell, of Neponset, Ill., and Col. Bundy, of the *R.-P. Journal*. I have never courted newspaper notoriety. I have done all I could, during my twenty-seven years work in the Spiritual Vineyard to keep my doings out of the papers, but since this villain Buswell has concocted such fearful lies about me I will say a few words in reply. This Buswell wrote me six letters, urging me to come to his place, holding out great inducements for me to do so. I left my other business and went there. I held two seances and gave two private sittings. Buswell used me pleasantly up to the time I left for home. A short time before I left he said he could manage to make from twenty-five to forty dollars out of my mediumship, per night—he said it was the grandest thing he ever saw—he said the sitters would willingly pay five dollars each. I told him it was not all money that I lived for. He went part way with me to the depot—shook hands with me—and invited me to come again, but never said anything about my tricking. I had been home a few days when a letter came here from Buswell, calling me "a fraud," "a scamp" and "a cuss," etc., and stating that he was going to publish me as such. A few days after that, a man from Polo, Ill., sent me a copy of a letter that Buswell had sent there, calling me everything bad, and in which he said he was going to publish me. I then wrote to Col. Bundy, knowing he was the only editor of a spiritual paper that is trying to injure mediums, that this Buswell had written letters alleging that I was a fraud, etc. Now, why did not Bundy publish that letter? Why did he make any comments? He wanted it to be inferred that I knew I had been caught in tricks, and that I had in advance sought to avoid a public accusation through the *Journal*.

I do really wish Col. Bundy had more circulation for his paper where I am known, so that my friends might see how meanly he has acted towards good and honest men and mediums. I procured all the *Journals* I could, containing the attack upon me, and sent them to my friends. I did this that they might see the unfairness and dishonesty of Col. Bundy's treatment of me.

Some two years ago, my friends here sent to the *Journal*, *MIND AND MATTER* and *Banner of Light* an endorsement of myself and mediumship, signed by about fifty of the best men and women among the many who knew me. *MIND AND MATTER* and the *Banner* published it, but it was never published in the *Journal*. But, when one man, of very doubtful reputation and standing, wrote him an article made up of villainous lies about me, he published it in his next issue.

Now, a few more words about Buswell. There is no truth whatever in his article. At several seances I have held, I have had his article to the *Journal* and his Polo letter read in detail, and the manifestations that followed in every instance proved him to be a liar. It would not be well for this Buswell to come to our little city. There is a man here, a Mr. Bailly, who says he knows "Nick" Buswell, as he calls him, and says he is a very bad man and has no standing whatever. Whether Bailly tells the truth or not I do not know, at any rate his statement will be published in our city papers by my friends. I can obtain the testimony of a thousand or more persons, in our town, to my good character as a medium and a man. Some of them have known me from boyhood. I am poor, but I owe no man one cent, and manage to support my young family of five quite respectably.

Dr. A. B. Dobson.

It is in order now for Messrs. Buswell and Bundy, the slanderers of Dr. Dobson, to attempt some reply to this crushing defence of Dr. D. It is just as we predicted when we denounced the conduct of these two dishonest hypocrites three weeks ago. Col. Bundy simply lied when he stated that Dr. Dobson had written to him denying anything that Buswell might say of him in advance. A meaner, more deliberate and malicious falsehood could not have been penned. From Dr. Dobson's reply it is manifest that he fully informed Col. Bundy that Buswell had written the Polo letter, making numerous specific statements to his prejudice, which were false. If Col. Bundy had intended to treat Dr. Dobson honestly and fairly why did he not publish his letter, but instead, not only suppress the letter, but wholly and maliciously misconstrue it as he did? It is this dishonest journalistic hypocrite who keeps up an eternal ranting about purity and truth in Spiritualism and the necessity of weeding out all fraud and dishonesty perpetrated in its name. Can any pure-minded or honest person conceive of so contemptible an act of meanness as that. We insist that Spiritualism shall be no longer burdened and disgraced by the course of a paper published in its name, when, year in and year out, it is filled with such evidences of editorial depravity as that we are criticising. For Col. Bundy to have published that manifestly false and malicious attack upon Dr. Dobson was of itself an unpardonable outrage, but to join in and seek to make it more effective by falsehood and deceit, as Col. Bundy did, should call forth from every friend of decency and truth an effective protest against such vile misconduct. Spiritualists, you who sincerely seek to advance Spiritualism by bolstering up the grossly mismanaged *Journal*, can you not see that no cause can flourish that will tolerate such treachery and dishonesty as marks nearly every movement of the editor of that paper. If you want to save the *Journal* to Spiritualism (and who does not?), write to Col. Bundy and insist that he shall either relinquish the editorial chair—that he has disgraced, or that he shall change his editorial course and become a sincere and faithful defender of honest and thoroughly proven mediums; or, if he will not, at least that he cease slandering and misrepresenting them. As for Buswell he was not worthy of the least credit and no honest Spiritualist would have given a place to his falsehoods in the columns of a spiritual journal. To countenance and encourage such conduct is to participate in the crushing out of truth, in the interest of ignorance, bigotry and organized selfishness. Let there be an end of Bundyism. It is a burning shame to all who are identified with it in any way whatever.

THAT JUDGMENT STILL SUSPENDED—AS WE EXPECTED IT WOULD BE.

Three weeks ago a representative of the Boston *Daily Globe* conspiring with, and aided by, certain police inspectors of Boston, and a Jesuit enemy of Spiritualism, calling himself Prof. Dayton, made a most cowardly and brutal assault upon Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler, the fearless and convincing spiritual medium, and by the most false misrepresentations sought to discredit him as a man and medium, and at the same time to dishonor and discredit Spiritualism by making its phenomena appear to be the result of dishonest trickery. Not daring to inform themselves of the facts in relation to that damnable outrage, the proprietors of the *Banner of Light*, for fear of incurring the censure of those professed friends of Spiritualism who hate spiritual mediums as the devil is said to hate holy water, thought to curry favor with the latter by turning in and co-operating with the Jesuit assailants by justifying their infamous proceedings. Pretending to suspend judgment against Mr. Keeler, at his request, those journalistic cowards and traitors to the cause they claim to represent, by shameful innuendos against Mr. Keeler's honesty, even caused him deeper injury than the open Jesuit foes who had assailed his good name.

As it was our duty to do, we called upon the *Banner* people to give their readers the facts in the case, that they might judge as between Mr. Keeler, and themselves and the Jesuits of the *Globe*. When we made this very proper demand upon them, we knew, from their past treatment of assailed mediums that they had not enough sense of manhood left to act in any such proper manner. The result has justified our expectations. In the last issue of the *Banner* they do not so much as allude to the outrage to which they had made themselves parties by their justifying innuendos against Mr. Keeler.

In the meantime Mr. Wm. Eglinton, a foreign medium, of no extraordinary merits, who had been extolled by the proprietors of the *Banner*, so as to bring into bold relief their shameful neglect of the most useful and worthy American mediums, was assailed by the same lying minions of the Jesuit power, and the integrity of the *Banner* questioned. This was just what they richly deserved; and Mr. Keeler had just as good a right to say that the proprietors of the *Banner*, by their mercenary and fulsome endorsement of Mr. Eglinton as a medium, justified the Jesuits of the *Globe* in charging them with helping a fraudulent medium to cheat, as they had to allege that the *Globe* people were justified in concluding Mr. Keeler a fraud on account of his business associations.

Mr. Keeler is, as a medium, a more thorough medium, or at least, much more perfectly developed one, than Mr. Eglinton, and this fact has been attested in every possible way both by spirits and mortals. The manifestations through him have been witnessed by thousands of persons, and no fact can be more thoroughly proven than that one; and yet, instead of denouncing the lying attempt to discredit it, the *Banner* people as far as their proverbial cowardice would allow justified the outrage. It is amazing that they should have mustered courage enough to say of the *Daily Globe*, under the stinging justice administered to them for their cowardice and faithlessness, by that enemy of truth: "The mendacity of the *Boston Globe* is unparalleled in the annals of the newspaper press, when it boldly asserts that Mr. Wm. Eglinton, the reliable English physical medium, now in this city is a fraud." Oh, no, gentlemen, it was more than paralleled only a week or ten days before, when the same mendacious sheet "boldly" asserted that Mr. Keeler, the fearless and reliable medium, was a fraud, and that, in the face of facts so positive, that even the lying tool of the *Globe* admitted that the churches could not afford to allow those facts to become known, and to save their accursed nurseries of superstition and error, that all positive manifestations were to be discredited. There is no surer proof of the genuineness of a medium than that he should be singled out by the minions of church bigotry as dangerous to the interests of sectarian priest-hoods. That Mr. Eglinton should have been singled out by them for almost a simultaneous attack with Mr. Keeler shows, that they regarded him as the next most dangerous medium to Mr. Keeler, and that is more in his favor than anything the *Banner* people have said of him.

But there is one very unfortunate reason for censuring, if not absolutely condemning Mr. Eglinton and the *Banner of Light* people, and that is the utterance attributed by the *Globe* Jesuits to Mr. Eglinton, as not only approving of their conduct towards Mr. Keeler, but condemning Mr. Keeler on the same lying statements that now stand against himself. If Mr. Eglinton was misrepresented by the *Globe* reporter as to the conversation involving the gross discourtesy and injustice to the lady Spiritualists of Boston and elsewhere, and the good name and fame of his fellow medium, M. Keeler; Mr. Eglinton owed it to himself and all concerned, to have indignantly branded the falsehood upon the reportorial liar. He has remained silent, which gives the matter a very dark and unfavorable look for him. As if to evade the question involved, the *Banner* people say for him:

"Persons at all acquainted with William Eglinton, will be incapable of ascribing to him for a moment the singular language regarding the Spiritualist ladies of Boston, which the mendacious *Globe* has reportorially put into his mouth."

If that is all the *Banner of Light* and Mr. Eglinton have to offer for the justification of his conversation reported by the *Globe*, they had better have said nothing. Even if Mr. Eglinton had said what he was reported to have said of the Spiritualist ladies of Boston, it was a matter of very little consequence to any person but himself; but it was a very different thing in regard to what was put into Mr. E's mouth reportorially by the *Globe* to the prejudice of Mr. Keeler. No medium worthy the respect and confidence of true Spiritualists, would have spoken of a wronged and outraged brother medium in the manner attributed to Mr. Eglinton. If it was worth while disavowing any of that reported conversation, it should have been that part of it that represented Mr. Eglinton as condemning Mr. Keeler on the reportorial mendacity of the *Globe*. Even if Mr. Eglinton is a genuine medium, he certainly gives just ground to question his integrity, when we see him making common cause with the slanderers of himself, to injure another medium who was the object of similar slanders. Things are in a very bad mess, to say the least, in the city of Boston, in spiritual affairs, and the *Banner of Light* and Mr. Eglinton are doing what they can to make it still worse. The "exposing of mediums" business received an irreparable check in Philadelphia when MIND AND MATTER spread her banner to the breeze. We want Mr. Keeler to come among us, and he will be here before we go to press. Boston is unworthy of his services. Here, if no where else, assailed mediums can have justice done them. Brethren, sisters, comrades, when the battle goes heavy with you, and wounded and wearied elsewhere, come to Philadelphia and receive the inspiration of the great spirit leaders of Spiritualism, Washington, Franklin, Paine, Adams, Jefferson, Jackson and others, who yet haunt the hallowed surroundings of Independence Hall. Here you will speedily recruit your energies and strength and again go forth to do battle for the truth wherever your services may be the most needed.

ANOTHER MEDIUM ASSAILED BY THE R. P. JOURNAL AT THE BEHEST OF JESUITISM.

When the Jesuits of the Boston *Daily Globe* got up their lying attack upon Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler, some three or more weeks ago, we knew very well that sooner or later, that Jesuit enemy of spiritual mediums, the *R. P. Journal*, would join the yelping curs that had been set upon his track to hunt him down. We were not mistaken. In the last number of the *Journal* is the following stereotyped performance of Col. Bundy. It is the yelp of a fear-stricken cur, it is true; but sufficient to show the skulking viciousness of the vile mongrel. Col. B. says:

"The *Boston Globe* has a long account of the alleged exposure of this medium, (Mr. Keeler), at No. 8 Davis Street in that city. Allowing for the sportive ridicule of the reporter, the facts seem to be that Keeler was seized and held while personating a materialized spirit; that costumes, a beard, etc., were found in the cabinet, and that the crowd present were careless of conditions and came for sport more than instruction. All this only shows the wisdom and need of the course of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, for the benefit of real and honest mediums and the good of Spiritualism."

Here we have the *R. P. Journal* joining the *Banner of Light* in justifying the damnable Jesuit outrage committed upon Mr. Keeler. In order that our readers may know and not forget what it is that these so-called spiritual publications are endorsing, we will repeat in brief the facts as admitted by the villains of the *Globe*, or proven by undeniable testimony in MIND AND MATTER. It is a fact that Mr. Keeler was giving seances for physical spiritual manifestations, among which were full form materializations, in the light. It is a fact that spirit forms did materialize through him at his public seances. It is a fact that so convincing were the phenomena of spirit materialization through Mr. K's mediumship that the greatest alarm was created on the part of the bigoted minions of the papal power in Boston. It is a fact that the Boston *Daily Globe* is the secular organ of the Catholic church in that city. It is a fact that the *Globe*, like the *Times* of Philadelphia, undertook, in the interest of the Catholic church, which means the Catholic hierarchy, to discredit Mr. Keeler's mediumship and prevent him sitting for public spirit control. It is a fact that an attache of that paper was detailed to carry out the dishonest and devilish purpose. It is a fact that this thing (for man he is not), entered into a conspiracy with a mercenary tool of the Jesuit enemies of Spiritualism, named Dayton. (dubbed professor); two policemen of Boston, who are a disgrace to the office they fill, and an admitted old lying, bigoted female, to attend one of Mr. Keeler's seances; and there falsely pretending to be honest investigators of Spiritualism, and reputable people, to seize the first materialized form that should appear, and so manage matters as to make it seem that Mr. Keeler had sought to deceive those in attendance. It is a fact that these conspirators, or at least Dayton and the *Globe* man, took with them, to the seance, such trapping; as they thought would serve their purpose. It is a fact that a female form came out of the cabinet purporting to be a friend of the lying old female who was acting in concert with the other conspirators. It is a fact that by the lying pretences of the latter the spirit was lured to within the reach of Dayton and the *Globe*

man. It is a fact that those two brutes sprang upon that female form, aided and assisted by the two confederate policemen, who did all they could to hold it in the open room. It is a fact that it glided from their joint and vice-like grasp, as if the hands and arms of its assailant had been as immaterial as air, and passed to the medium who was insensible and helplessly entranced in the cabinet. It is a fact that these foiled and astounded ruffians rushed after the form into the cabinet, only to find nothing there but the medium, and he dressed as he was when he entered the cabinet. It is a fact that they seized the medium and stripped from him his coat, vest and shoes, while he was yet partially unconscious; fastened shackles upon his wrists, and then throwing a piece of crumpled, soiled and torn tarlatan over him, that they brought for that purpose, dragged him from the cabinet. It is a fact that while Mr. Keeler was still laboring under the fearful shock natural to such violent interference with a materialized spirit, these brutes jeered and taunted him. It is a fact that the Jesuit villain of the *Globe* went into the cabinet while the policemen held Mr. Keeler and his friend, Mr. Hersey, and took from his own pocket a false beard and another piece of crumpled tarlatan, and exhibiting them, directed the policemen to release Mr. Keeler, and then hurried away with his associate hell-hounds to prepare his lying statement or report, called an expose of Mr. Keeler.

It is proceedings such as those that Col. Bundy openly endorses, and that the *Banner of Light*, too dishonest and cowardly to do it openly, endorses by its entire silence in regard to it. If those journals are true exponents of Spiritualism, then MIND AND MATTER is not, and, thank God, can never be so. On the other hand, if MIND AND MATTER has done what it was the duty of a spiritual paper to do, then do those journals not represent Spiritualism. We are willing to rest our claims as a Spiritualist true, faithful and unflinching, upon our course; dare they invite that test.

But, precious as time is to us, we must notice a specimen of hypocrisy on the part of Col. Bundy that would render any man infamous but him. He says, speaking of the outrage on Mr. Keeler:

"All this only shows the wisdom and need of the course of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, for the benefit of real and honest mediums and the good of Spiritualism."

What course of the *Journal* does Col. Bundy refer to? Is he mean and contemptible enough to pretend that anything would have prevented those ruffians from seizing the form as they did in that instance? He knows better. Those villains knew that the form they grasped was not Mr. Keeler. Had it been he, would they have allowed him to go back into the cabinet after they seized him? It is perfectly preposterous for them to make such a pretence. But let us see whether John C. Bundy is one whit more honest than the scoundrels whose conduct he endorses and justifies. Sometime last year this editorial hypocrite went to Boston, and through his friend and satellite, E. Gerry Brown, sought to play the same deceitful game upon Mrs. J. R. Pickering that the *Globe* conspirators played upon Mr. Keeler. His movement was surreptitious at first, but, to secure the chance he sought, he was compelled to throw off his mask. Having made an engagement with Mrs. Pickering he and his henchman drummed up a party of confederates trusting to luck to find a chance to misrepresent Mrs. Pickering. Mrs. Pickering refused to enter the cabinet in the presence of those enemies, and sat out in open view. This did not prevent materialization of spirit forms in the enclosure behind a curtain with which the medium had no means of communication. One or more of the forms came out to where Col. Bundy sat, and conversed with him—Mrs. Pickering being all the time in open view. Here was a test of the genuineness of Mrs. Pickering's mediumship that would have satisfied any honest sceptic, to say nothing of any honest believer in Spiritualism, but it all went for nothing with the hypocritical editor of the *Journal*. Not daring to seize or otherwise interfere with the forms that appeared under those circumstances, rather than to be utterly foiled in his purpose to discredit Mrs. Pickering, he importuned Mr. Pickering and the spirit guides of the medium to take the latter into the cabinet and have the materializations go on under those unnecessary circumstances. Mr. Pickering understood the villain he was dealing with and peremptorily refused to give him the opportunity he sought. Thus the vile purpose of this hypocrite was brought to nought. We give the facts substantially as Col. Bundy reported them himself. But why waste time in showing up the hollow insincerity of this man? Is there any one who has watched his course who does not know what a confirmed dissembler he is? We think not, and there we leave him.

Alfred James' Relief Fund.

In response to our appeal in behalf of Alfred James, we take pleasure in acknowledging that we have received the following amounts from the respective contributors:

Previously acknowledged	\$62 65
I. N. SeEVERS, Leavenworth, Kansas,	1 00
F. E. PHELPS, Newton, California,	1 00
Charles FIX, Franklin, Pa.,	1 00
Mrs. M. A. Manley, Franklin, Pa.,	1 00
C. O. Thiel, Chicago, Ill.,	4 00
Mrs. C. A. Lucas, Haddam, Ct.,	50
E. S. S., San Francisco, Cal.,	6 00
S. B. Smith, Peru, N. Y.,	1 00
I. Griswold, Amsterdam, N. Y.,	60

THE SPIRIT OF IGNATIUS LOYOLA REPLIES TO HIS ACCUSERS.

On Sunday morning last, by request of spirits, we had a sitting with Mr. James A. Bliss, at which we received the following communication:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have heard frequently that certain honest people (as I believe them to be) discredit the possibility of my reformation as a spirit. I do not wonder that they do so. I would rather wonder if they did not; for if the Jesuits are cunning and crafty so should be the former leaders of their order. Notwithstanding, I feel at times that I wish it was possible for the true reformer to have faith and confidence in a spirit who professes to reform his ways. Sensitive and delicately organized spirits can be driven back in their intentions of doing right by an unjust and unwise suspicion of dishonesty. I want to say to all who believe that it is possible for me to come and deceive you, that the things I once loved I now hate, and the things I once hated I now love. I reiterate here to-day that I have entirely left my former associates in the Order of Jesus; and whatever spirit has assumed my name, I assure every loving friend of truth that it was not Ignatius, the founder of the Order of Jesus. I wish you particularly to know, Mr. Roberts, that at this sitting a most heavenly divine influence prevails. I wish you to notice that there are no contending influences in the room at this time. There is no scowl on the face of the medium, nor the closed teeth, nor the hands clenched, nor the stamping foot, as was manifested on your rostrum a short time ago, in this city. Perfect harmony prevails here this morning, and through such magnetism, deceptive spirits cannot come, except to be unvelled in the presence of honest investigators. I am here to-day to publicly deny that I am still at the head of the Order of Jesus as a spirit; I am here to say to you, friend Roberts, that from the time the hour tolled twelve and I communicated with you in your lower office, to the present time, I have never sought to deceive you or any other person. I have been misrepresented. As I said in the first place, I could hardly have expected it to be otherwise when I thought of my life-work both as a mortal and a spirit. I now say to the friends of Spiritualism, judge me by my fruits, not by my professions; and let my record be a warning to you all, never to act upon the principle, in your life and actions, that 'the ends justify the means'; but rather adopt and live in accordance with the motto, 'Truth, right and justice, though the heavens fall.' The fruits of my spirit actions will soon be made manifest to you. You have sown in sorrow and weakness; you will reap in great joy and strength the harvest that will come to you as the result. I bid you an affectionate adieu."

"LOYOLA."

[We have every possible reason to know that that communication comes from him, who two years and a half ago was the very head and front of the organized spirit opposition to Spiritualism. Already has he given to us the most ample evidence of his good faith and fraternal co-operation in the work that MIND AND MATTER has been pushing forward. That work is the utter dispersion and final destruction of the spirit organization that has been obstructing the spiritual movement. But for the co-operation of this honest and indomitable spirit we could never have maintained the struggle against the spirit powers of darkness as we have done. The time will come when we will be at liberty to publish a statement of facts that will show what we have all along had every reason to know, that the former great leader of the spirit opposition to truth had seen the errors of his work, and was honestly engaged in endeavoring to undo the mischief and wrong that his earthly training and prejudices had prompted him to enact. We can fully sympathize with this great and earnest spirit, in his radical change of views in regard to the spiritual movement, for we, too, were as unreasonably and bitterly opposed to that movement as was our friend and brother Ignatius Loyola. That he should sympathize with us in natural, for we both have been, and are, unselfishly seeking to advance the truest and best interests of humanity. Ignatius Loyola, my brother, we know your fidelity to truth, and the world shall know it, too. Let nothing weaken your purpose to maintain the truths which have been opened to your view by the light that has come to you from the spirit spheres of light and beauty.—ED. OF MIND AND MATTER.]

PHILADELPHIA SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

A CONFERENCE AND CIRCLE will be held every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at the Thompson St. Church, below Front. Public cordially invited.

RHODES' HALL.—Spiritual Headquarters, 655½ N. Eighth Street. A religious spiritual meeting and circle at 2½ p. m., and circle at 7½ p. m.

PHILADELPHIA MEDIUMS.

Mrs. H. D. Chapman, Medium for the sick in body and mind. No. 138 Mt. Vernon Street.

MRS. LOOMIS, Trance Test and Healing Medium. Diagnosis of disease or business reading from lock of hair by mail, 53 cents each. Medicated Vapor Baths and Electro-Magnetic treatment given. 1312 Mt. Vernon St., Phila., Pa.

Dr. Henry C. Gordon, Materializing and Slate Writing Medium, 631 North Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia. Select seances every Monday and Friday evenings at 8 o'clock. Private sittings daily for Slate Writing tests and communications.

Mrs. Thiele R. Beecher, Trance Test Medium, No. 2317 Medford Square. Sittings daily; Communications given both in German and English.

Mrs. E. S. Powell, Business and Test Medium, Sittings daily from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m., at No. 258 North Ninth Street.

Mrs. Honlock, German Trance and Test Medium. Circles every Wednesday and Sunday evenings. Sittings daily, 1311 North Front Street.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Ambrosia, Slate Writing, Clairvoyant, Trance and Test Mediums, 1223 North Third Street. Circle every Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, also every Tuesday at 2.30 p. m. Consultations daily from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Dr. Roxilana T. Rex, Healing and Test Medium, 416 York Avenue, Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays. Diseases of women a specialty. Consultation free. Consultation by letter, enclose three 3-cent stamps. Developing circle Tuesday evenings.

Mrs. A. E. DeHann, Clairvoyant examination, and magnetic treatment. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 1 p. m. to 4 p. m. No. 831 North Broad St., Phila.

Alfred James, Trance, clairvoyant and letter medium. Test circles Tuesday and Friday evenings. Sittings daily, No. 1108 Watkins Street.

Mrs. Hattie B. Robinson, the well-known Trance-test medium, will give sittings daily to investigators, at 2123 Brandywine Street.

Mrs. Carrie Crowley, Trance Test Medium, will give select sittings daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., at No. 821 Ella Street.

\$5 per month—the ordinary charges being \$15 to \$20 per month. This includes all needed remedies, with full directions as to hygienic treatment; diet, exercise, etc.

R. C. FLOWER, M. D.,
1013 Race Street, Philadelphia.

Anticipating Summer.—Making Maple Sugar.—Connecticut "Blue Laws."—A Criticism on Ingersoll.—Remarkable Manifestations Through J. V. Mansfield.

BY JAY CHAAPEL,

SOUTHINGTON, Hartford Co., Conn.,
March 8th, M. S. 33.

Walk with the beautiful and with the grand;
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her,
Walk with the beautiful!

—B. F. Taylor

I am impressed to write you a gossip letter this morning, while the warm, bright sunlight is streaming in at my window, which is open, and the merry, earnest voices of the rosy cheeked boys with soiled hands are playing at marbles, and the first cheering notes of the blue bird fall upon my ears, telling me in beautiful and truthful prophecies of the coming of bursting buds and fragrant groves, of glistening streams, and the soft sweet music of the birds from every tree.

"She comes, she comes! The vernal year,
With sunsets red and gold,
And purple hills of mystery,
When crimson buds unfold."

Soon, quite soon, the genial, intelligent farmers of New England will saunter out with augers and sumach spouts, and tap the maple trees on the broad-backed and rock-ribbed hills, where our ancestors struggled with such odds to procure the meager necessities of life. These generous trees give out their sweet nectar drop by drop, day by day, at the same time prepare to swell their buds and send out a canopy of leaves to shield those hardy toilers from the summer's heat, entirely un mindful that they are doing double duty. How bountiful thou art, Oh nature! Could the trees speak, in the language of a great soul, they would say: "This is not a mere trickle of water from aged mold and triturated granite, but the music of my birds and waterfalls, the poetry of my still nights and my holy moons, the brooding outcome of my winter rest and the prophecy of my summer wealth, you have all this in the trickle of sap in your hemlock troughs,—and then, Oh man, you do with it as with all your blessings,—you vulgarize it in your rough black pots and pans, and it is one of my miracles that even then you cannot boil and drain out of it all the wildness and magic, but there is a trace of them left in the common cake of sugar that you preserve. Remember me, then, for I am in all your breath and being likewise, though your whole work is to obscure and violate my pure and holy impress and grow vacant of my inspiration, year by year, until you die, not so blessed and blessing, by far, as this sturdy tree." As the warm sun rapidly melts the snow from the hill side opposite my window, I take a retrospective glance at a similar day to this, thirty years ago, when I gathered sap and made maple sugar in the deep forest, at the foot of the Towanda mountains, in Pennsylvania; and where we could catch only an occasional glimpse of the sky through the overshadowing branches of the hemlocks. How happily we toiled through the snow, along the uneven hill side, listening to the winds and the wild shrill notes of the crow among the trees as we poured the precious drops from the pine troughs into our red buckets, suspended from the ends of a wooden neck-yoke, nicely-fitting across our shoulders—carrying them to camp, often a quarter of a mile, we deposited the contents into a hugh trough from thirty to fifty feet long made from the trunk of a pine tree, the circles of which we often took delight in counting and found it to be over two hundred and fifty years old. Again in camp we would take a long poker and seat ourselves on a rude bench covered with an untanned sheep-skin, like Bryan O'Linn's "with the woolly side out," proceed to stir up the already hot fire of birch and maple wood around the boiling kettles. As the fire crackles and roars in the March wind, and the saccharine liquid foams and rolls about in a very satisfactory manner, I eat my dinner of boiled eggs, baked beans, brown bread and milk, which my good mother had packed in my tin pail while the first beams of the morning light were breaking over the Eastern hills. At the same time I built air castles, speculated about books, pictures, and music, and anticipated a glorious and happy day in the near future with my companions in "sugaring off."

Oh beautiful and tender memories!

I would go on but your space admonishes me to hold. How beautiful life is as the joyous memories of youth roll over us, and as we anticipate the coming fragrance from the hills that will be radiant with flowers that die engathered under the old trees which sway in every breeze that sweeps across the rugged landscape. These, and the leaping squirrels and the flitting birds, that peer at us so inquiringly, make us forget the stern actualities of life, and the sharp thorns that so often pierce our weary aching feet. What a lesson of patience and calmness is taught us in those peaceful shades that echo night and morning with rapturous music from a thousand feathered songsters. All nature seems in harmony, and puts the blush of shame on the vain and vulgar strife of human beings. As I catch a foretaste of the glories and refuge of the coming New England summer, I exclaim with Florence Percy:

I wonder if 't will come to me—the time when I shall say
I see no splendor in the sky, no beauty in the day;
When birds shall sing above my head their chorus glad and clear,
Yet bring no flutter to my heart, no rapture to my ear?

Ah no! whatever change may come, that change can never be—
This lovely world can never lose its happy charm for me;
Not all the sorrow thou can bring, not all life's mightiest woes,
Can take the odor from the fern, the color from the rose.

I am writing from a pleasant farmhouse on the banks of the Quinnepeac river (creek we would call it in Pennsylvania) meaning "long watering place." It winds in and out in a sluggish indifferent way at the foot of a low range of hills, finally emptying into New Haven harbor, twenty miles from here. This town was settled about 1640, by some brave spirits from Hartford, sixteen miles distant, who ventured to the top of the hills, and desired to know what lay in the pleasant valley at their feet, from which the smoke, from the Indian wigwams arose in graceful curves. It was only twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrims, but the tide setting toward the West had already begun and was invincible. It was the spirit of Progress that inspired them, but they in their superstitious and undeveloped state, and almost entirely ignorant of natural causes, like thousands of their followers, (including some Spiritualists) at the present time, thought it was

the spirit of God, a great big male God sitting on a throne of gold, surrounded with angels and seraphs, as he sat in judgment and cried out, "next!" from the "Lamb's book of Life." The old drum is still preserved which was used to call the early settlers to church, where an armed guard marched to and fro in front of the meeting house, to be ready for any incursion of the Indians, whom they had taught the superlative art of cruelty and torture. Facts, prove beyond a doubt, that the Indians, when the whites first came among them, were kind, generous, and all aglow with noble impulses at the superior knowledge their white brothers exhibited, and which they instinctively saw and acknowledged with a frankness that the whites seldom manifested. Had those early Christians, who believed so sincerely, but disastrously in the saving blood of Jesus, been inspired with the Progressive spirit, kindness and wisdom which animated Wm. Penn, as a nation might have escaped much of the disgrace and obloquy now attaching to us on account of our degrading and cruel Christian policy toward the Indians, and they would have been a prosperous and happy people.

Many comical stories have been told about the Connecticut "Blue Laws," and perhaps some exaggerated accounts have gone abroad in regard to them, but that many grotesque judicial proceedings were enacted in early times, the docket of Jared Lee, Esq., which is still preserved, most clearly proves. He was a Justice of the Peace for twenty-five years, from about 1750, and by a law of the Colony had power to dispose of all cases involving property, of less than forty pounds in value, and the punishment of all persons who broke the laws and customs by neglecting to attend church, or "violated the sanctity of the Sabbath day, by riding," smiling in meeting, etc., etc. Sunday was a day of awful joy a hundred years ago, and some of the bigots desire to continue its awfulness. I can imagine the sanctimonious dignity with which Jared Lee, Esq., presided and administered justice, or that which went by that name, to those God and devil fearing people. It would puzzle the wisest metaphysicians to tell which they feared most, their God or their Devil. The following are brief extracts from the venerable and time worn docket referred to above. John Beckwith was found guilty and fined three shillings and costs, which was also three shillings, for "whisperin and laffin in the meeting hous in Southington the 23d day of April 1758 between meetings, It being Saboth or Lord's Day. It being Rude and Idel Behavior and a breach of Law." Jane Hasard was complained of by John Webster and fined the same amount for the same offense. Sowell Thomas was complained of "in the name and behalf of the king" by Zachariah Gillet for "a rude and profane Behavior he being in the meeting hous in Southington parish on the Saboth or Lord's Day being the 29th Day of August 1759 In the time of public worship, In the afternoon Did Lauf or smile and playfully put the hair of David Pardy—which is repugnant to one Good and wholesome Law of this Colony. Sowell, it seems was only bubbling over with fun and so was not found guilty, but was sentenced to pay the costs which was 6 shillings and 3 pence. This practice of sentencing men and women to pay the costs after being found "not guilty" is still kept up in many of our Courts, and it is as silly as unjust. If Robert T. Ingersoll, a man for whom I have much admiration, would expend some of his talent and eloquence in showing up the ignorance, absurdities, and black injustice of the Courts of all the States, the same as he does of the churches, he would prove himself less a partial reformer, who seems to see only intolerance and injustice in religion, while we have quite as much in law and medicine.

John Bartholomew was found guilty and fined three shillings for "rude and profane Behavior by playing with his hand and fingers at his hair, being a breach of the law of this Colony." Andrew Culver was fined three shillings for "playfully throwing down Phoebe Adkens on the Ice on the Lord's Day." David Culver was fined 8 shillings for "Drinking strong Licker to Excess, that he was found Drunk In the Lane near Aaron Webster's and being bereaved of the uses of his Reason and understanding and Lims." John Gladden was fined nine shillings for "neglecting the public worship of God on the Last Saboth in September and First and Second Saboth in October, A. D. 1764." As I look over these musty old records, and think of the silly and unwise customs of those days, many of which still cling to society now, I am sad beyond expression; still it gives me renewed energy to remove, in my humble way, all the blocks possible, that so hinder the car of Justice, and I endeavor to cultivate a feeling of broad charity toward all those who are so bound down by old forms and ideas, always remembering that when one is once inoculated with Christianity in any way, it is hard getting it out of the blood—that is why so many, otherwise intelligent men and women, talk about being "consecrated" and to use a homely phrase of Josh Billings, "hang on to the shirt tail of progress and halloo, whoa!"

Notwithstanding all the opposition of our enemies, and the annoying impediments the conservatives in our own ranks, so constantly throw in our way, the great car of Reform moves steadily on like a modern iron steamship on the billows of the Atlantic. When we contrast the various and steadily increasing manifestations of spirits, and of free thought and speech with those of fifteen years ago, the progress seems almost incredible. I am led to these reflections, not only by my own experiences in the past few years, but of many others whom I constantly meet. Mr. N. H. Fogg of this town is a well to do farmer and builder, a clear headed practical man, a Materialist and an honest sceptic up to last August, if not up to January 1881, at which time he and his wife went to New York City, and had seances with the Eddy's, Phillips and Dr. J. V. Mansfield. After having seances at the Eddy's and with Phillips, which were very satisfactory, Mr. F. starts off alone to Mansfield, a stranger in a strange city, not letting his wife even know where he was going. Arriving there he seats himself at a table and writes, unbeknown to Mr. M., this question to his father who passed away over forty years ago:

"Joseph Fogg—Are you present?
NICHOLAS H. FOGG."

Sealing it tightly under ten thicknesses of paper he passes it to Mr. M.—who takes his seat, never leaving his sight for a moment, and writes at once this in answer:

"Yes, Nicholas, I am, and for which God be praised. I was with you at the Eddy's and at Phillips's. I am with you now."

"JOSEPH FOGG."

Answer: "Thank God, my dear one, for this

call. I have been delighted to know you have attempted to investigate this all important truth. I and Allison was with you at the Eddy's, but we could not say what or all we would. Have patience, Nicholas, we will come to you to your heart's content after awhile. You need no greater test than that we come to you through stranger organisms as we do.

"Yours as ever,
"Alison," Was Alison Emmons his son who was accidentally killed.

Again desiring to test the matter still farther he wrote this to his mother-in-law:

Almira Emmons, mother of my wife, are you here? If so, let me know."

Answer: "Thanks, thank, my dear son-in-law, for this respectful call. What could be more soul-stirring than to have the knowledge that we live in the memories of our dear children. Oh, Nicholas! had my own darling child but have witnessed what you have, and what you now do, then my soul would be satisfied. Tell the dear ones at home that I am with them and we shall meet again. Lovingly your mother-in-law."

"ALMIRA EMMONS."
As is natural to suppose, Mr. Fogg's scepticism was beginning to tumble over, but ever wary and thoughtful he said little, but to his wife, whom he requested, on arriving at his lodgings, to write a series of questions for the next day. She did so, and they went prepared beforehand with the following questions and received the following answers:

"Corra, you tried to tell us something last night, what was it."
"Your Mother."

Answer: "Oh, bless you—bless you, darling mother, and you, my darling father! Have you come where I and Grandpa Emmons and Grandpa Fogg can talk with you. Oh, I was at the seance last evening, and wanted so to put my arms about your neck, but I could not sufficiently control to do so. I did so want to tell you how much I loved you, and then about my beautiful home, but there were so many present I could not do so. I will now tell you I want you to know I am with you day by day and that we shall meet by and by and will never more be separated. Oh, will that not be heaven enough? Your own daughter,
"Jan. 26, 1881."
"Aunt Laura Moss, I was much pleased to see you. What do you see for me in the future?"

"MARIA EMMONS FOGG."
Answer: "This is heavenly, is it not, my dear niece Maria? Oh, that you could hear me speak to-day and see me as plainly as you did last evening. Then I would be satisfied. But this is the place where we teach by writing, and here I want to say a word about your mediumship or development. You are getting along nicely, and Ethiel and me are doing all we can to quicken your mediumship. Your darling is so happy, and so are your parents that have found a way to talk with you. Bless you, my niece, bless you. Much is in store for you in the near distance."

"Your Aunt, LAURA MOSS."
"Aunt Mary Catlin, what became of your will?"

"MARIA EMMONS FOGG."
"Well, my dear niece, the least said about that the better. Suffice it to say, it was cremated, as they say about some human dead bodies. There is no use in reviving that matter now, for it is beyond reproducing it. Oh, the selfishness and greed of some mortals!"

"Your Aunt, MARY CATLIN."
"Dear father, have you got a home with some nice cows and oxen and a few choice hens? How is orthodoxy?"

"Your own loving daughter, MARIA."
Answer: "Dear me Maria! I have to laugh at that natural expression of yours. You seem to take the natural idea of things. You know my delight while living on earth was a good farm and nice stock, that is to say, fine horses and oxen, plenty of healthy sheep, and pigs, with a nice yard full of choice breeds of hens. Well, Maria, we have them all here—for nothing that God ever created but it lives eternally and must so long as God exists. Orthodoxy is at a low ebb. It will ere long recede beyond ever returning to poison the minds of the lowly. Spiritualism will displace all other isms, and bye and bye it will be the only ism to be found. Tell Nicholas so for me. Your father,
January 26, 1881. ETHIEL EMMONS."

Nearly, if not all these answers were characteristic of the persons from whom they purported to come, especially the last one from Ethiel Emmons. Mr. and Mrs. Fogg had seen at the Eddy's their friends as specified by them, and I will say to my sceptical friends, that to suppose that Mr. Mansfield knew of their being there, or their friends names, or their history, is simply foolish as the silent mummeries of the Catholic nun before the cross. Yet as you so truthfully and nobly say, for which all reformers ought to thank you, "Try the spirits; keep trying them; never was it more necessary than now."

Mind and Matter Free List Fund.

This fund was started by the request of many of our subscribers, that many deserving poor people who were not able to pay for MIND AND MATTER, might have the paper sent to them free of cost. The following contributions have been made since our last report:

Amount previously acknowledged,	\$71 24
Mrs. E. S. Sleeper, San Francisco,	3 74
W. A. Mosley, S. New Lyme, Ohio,	1 00
B. Chadsey, Rushville, Illinois,	1 00
J. B. Campbell, M. D. V. D.	5 00
J. M. C.	1 00
J. W.	2 00
C. G.	1 00
Mrs. T. B. Hall, Charlestown, Mass	1 00

Alfred James

Is prepared to answer calls to lecture under spirit control, on subjects chosen by the audience or answer questions, or spirits will choose their own subjects at the option of the society, at any point within one hundred miles of Philadelphia. For full particulars and terms address,

A. JAMES,
No. 1119 Watkins St., Philada., Pa.

WE sincerely thank those who have favored us with lists of names and addresses of their friends who were supposed to feel an interest in the work in which we are engaged, to whom we could send sample copies of MIND AND MATTER, and would be much obliged for any further favors of a similar character.

W. Harry Powell in East Liverpool, Ohio.

EAST LIVERPOOL, March 31, M. S. 33.

BRO. ROBERTS.—The Spiritualists of this place have been having a rare treat in the presence of W. Harry Powell, the renowned medium, with us for four days, in which time he has given us most interesting and convincing evidence of his mediumistic powers. He has convinced a number of persons who have heretofore been decided sceptics. His phase of slate writing is rare, and deception is absolutely impossible, as he is the only medium who requires no conditions. He uses no pencil, but produces the writing under the brightest light and under closest inspection of all the company with the ball of the index finger, the pencil being materialized by the control out of the elements. The control during the four seances took the hands of a number of persons, and wrote with their fingers. Often at the end of the message, the control would present the materialized pencil to different members of the company. The messages were often positive tests to persons in the assembly. We at one time by the request of the control, tied the mediums hand up in a handkerchief; still the writing was produced as before: then in a silk handkerchief with the same result. The control took the hand of a lady who had on a heavy woolen glove, and wrote on the slate with the finger. At another time, called up a lady who wore a kid glove with the same result. During the production of this phenomenon, Mr. Powell is in a trance, being totally unconscious of what is transpiring. The veins swell, the pulse increases from twenty to twenty-five beats per minute, the eye is open and set, never moving while under the control, although he remains under the influence at times for almost an hour. The water he drinks while under the control would seem almost incredible to one who had not seen it, being from six to eight quarts in an hour.

In addition to the writing he gave tests in the way of names of persons long gone to the spirit world, with dates of death, etc. One case in particular was the description of an old blind man with name in full and date of death and age, who was instantly recognized by three of us, although we had not thought of him for years. The crowning test for the sceptics was the dark seance of Monday evening, the 28th. The musical instruments consisting of a violin, a banjo and a bell, were placed behind the medium outside of the circle. The medium was then held by two members of the circle. All joining hands, the lights were extinguished, and in about three minutes, the violin was heard to play very loudly, then the banjo, then both together. The violin floated over the heads of the sitters, touching several of them, playing all the time, and was laid on the table in the centre of the circle. The banjo was brought and laid between the feet of one of the gentleman some distance from the medium; the bell was picked up, rung and dropped on the floor. Spirit hands were felt by quite a number of the sitters, patting them on the faces and heads. One of the ladies who was clairvoyant, saw distinctly a form moving around inside the circle dressed in a soldier's uniform. A gentleman clairvoyant saw plainly every movement of the violin as it moved about the room over the heads of the sitters. This gentleman was one of the most sceptical in the room. Several others saw the cloud of light which enveloped the instruments as they moved about, at times touching the ceiling and then the heads of the sitters.

Of the twenty-five persons present, about half of whom were sceptics, all join in pronouncing the phenomena undoubtedly genuine. Mr. Powell has kindly promised to return to us in about a month and favor us again. I have written this account in simple justice to Mr. Powell, who should have all the encouragement he can get in the good work. The cause is spreading rapidly in our town, and we hope to soon have quite a large membership in our society of Spiritualists.

W. A. CALHOUN.

BLACKFOOT'S WORK.

CURED PAIN IN THE SIDE.

Sheboygan Falls, Wis., March M. S. 33.

James A. Bliss.—Please send me more magnetized paper. It has cured me of pain in the side, and now I will use it for headache. Respectfully,
JULIA H. PARKER.

HELPED.

Hancock, Maine, March 21, 1881.

Dear Brother:—Your magnetized paper has done me so much good, I thought I would send and get a sheet for my daughter. Her right eye is almost blind, and last night Red Cloud entranced her and told me to send for his paper and he would help her. Yours truly,
MRS. LOUISA SNOWMAN.

WONDERFUL PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Salem, Mass., March 22, 1881.

Dear Sir:—I have tried one of your papers magnetized by Blackfoot at a dark circle with great satisfaction; the pencil was taken up by spirit hands and wrote on the paper. I am trying to develop as a physical medium, and would like to try one more of your papers, if as satisfactory as before. I will send for more.
Yours,
MRS. ANNIE S. HALL.

RELIEVES CATARRH.

Stoneham, Mass., March 21, 1881.

Mr. Bliss:—I wish you would send two more magnetized papers. I have used one of your papers for catarrh, and think it helped me very much. Very respectfully,
MARY G. EDWARDS.

PERFECT SATISFACTION.

Bush, N. Y., March 21, 1881.

James A. Bliss.—Dear Sir:—The magnetized papers that I have received of you has given perfect satisfaction, and I feel thankful to the good band of spirits, also to you for the great help you are to poor mortals here on earth, and my prayer is that you may live long to help mankind. Your true friend,
SARAH E. BRADWAY.

HELPS RHEUMATISM.

Clyde, Ohio, March 22, 1881.

James A. Bliss:—Please send me one sheet of Blackfoot's paper, I wish to try it for a lame back. My neighbor Mr. J. Christy got a sheet a few days ago, and used it for rheumatism, and thinks it helped him very much. Very respectfully,
S. G. BIRDSEYE.